

Adair County News

VOLUME XXIV

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY, TUESDAY SEPT. 6, 1921.

NUMBER 46

THE DRISCOLL TRIAL.

He Gets Five Years Upon the Charge of Attempting to Rob the Bank of Columbia.

THREE HUNDRED PEOPLE HEARD TRIAL.

The trial of Raymond Driscoll, charged with being one of the men who attempted to rob the Bank of Columbia on the night of the 9th of January, was called last Tuesday afternoon, and the work of securing a jury started, the panel being completed at 11 o'clock, forenoon, Wednesday.

Immediately after dinner the introduction of testimony for the State commenced. The Commonwealth finished just before the noon hour on Thursday, and the attorneys for the defense, Messrs. L. C. Winfrey, Huggins and Hagan and the prisoner retired for consultation. They soon returned, stating that the defense closed without introducing testimony. This virtually threw the prisoner on the mercy of the court, as no argument was made. The Court gave his instructions to the jury and it went out, remaining a short time, returning with a verdict of five years in the penitentiary.

The defense acted wise in not introducing Driscoll, as a plain case had been made out against him, and if the case had been fought to a finish he would evidently been given a much longer term.

A. A. Huddleston, Commonwealth's Attorney, W. A. Coffey, County Attorney, and Jones & Garnett represented the State. The defense by L. C. Winfrey and Huggins and Hagan Louisville.

There is not a doubt but the right man has been convicted.

It is useless to enter into the history of the robbery, the shooting at the robbers at Lebanon and the capture of Driscoll and finding of the shot to pieces car at Indianapolis. It has been published and republished until our readers are perfectly familiar with it.

There is a reward to be paid, but just how it will be distributed, we are not advised.

Big Sale.

On Saturday, the 17th, day of September, I will sell at Public Outcry, at my residence, on Jamestown street, the following:

One pair of extra good coming two-year-old mules.

One good mare and mule colt.

One buggy, farm wagon, a few garden tools and corn Sheller, log and trace chains.

Household and kitchen furniture and many other articles.

Sale starts at 9 a. m.

Terms made known on day of Sale.

J. T. Goodman,

J. S. Breeding, Auctioneer.

Death at Sparksville.

Last Sunday night, near Sparksville, Miss Edith Jones, a 16 year old daughter of Mr. George Jones, succumbed to the inevitable and crossed to the other side. She was a victim of typhoid fever, and was dearly loved by her father, brothers and sisters, and was a favorite of the community. Her funeral was largely attended, every body being in sympathy with the sorrowing parents.

Rubber Tires.

We are now prepared to put on Rubber Tires for \$14.00. We also wish to invite you to visit our New Garage, satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial. Our prices are right.

Morrison Bros.

Opposite Parson's Shop on Campbellsville pike.

WANTED—A white girl to do house work in small family, call or write The News Office.

Fire Protection

It is evident to everybody in this town that Columbia is sadly in need of fire protection. We understand that a chemical fire apparatus can be secured for a price that is in reach of the town and it should be purchased without delay. This apparatus is mounted on wheels and can be conveyed to a fire in a very few minutes. As we are now situated the town is at the mercy of the winds which usually come swiftly, especially when property is being burned. If this apparatus is purchased the insurance rates will be lowered in the town, and every body will feel more comfortable, knowing that they can go to sleep, their property being protected. The fire that occurred here ten days ago would have done thousands of dollars in damage if it had reached the property where Mrs. Smith resides, and it took heroic efforts to save it. Let there be but one voice in Columbia. "Buy a fire apparatus." A company will be formed to manage and operate it. In the next few days this proposition will be taken up. Let every body commence thinking and be ready to respond.

For Sale.

One box cooking stove, one heavy coal heater, one acre of corn in the field, one colt.

O. Troy Thomas,
Lindsey-Wilson.

Paid List.

The following are new paid subscribers and renewals since our issue of last Tuesday.

Miss Willie Chearning, Mrs. L. I. Murphey, Chas. Perryman, Warner Shepherd, Wm. H. Poff, Cleve Thomas, Wiser Oil Co., J. T. England, J. F. Logan, Walter E. Roe, J. M. Akin, J. R. Beard, G. W. Curry, C. W. Keitner, Geo. H. Willis, Whit. Coomer, J. S. Breeding, Mrs. L. J. Willis, Henry Aaron, F. R. Cox, Dr. Garnett Miller, R. H. Turner, M. C. Waggoner, Mrs. B. F. Taylor, Miss Thomasine Garnett, Mrs. Mary Stone, F. A. Lewis, Col. E. H. Galtner, Jas. L. Davis, G. R. Squires, J. F. Mills, J. C. Reece, G. W. Collins, W. T. Reynolds, Edwin Hurt, P. V. Grissom, A. J. Stotts, S. F. White, Mrs. Mattie Bault, F. A. Cowherd, Ullis Garrett.

Public Sale.

On Saturday, Sept. 10, 1921, I will, as administrator of the estate of the late Jo H. Barger, sell at the decedent's late residence, one mile above Ozark, the following:

Horses, cattle and hogs, old corn, farming tools and many other articles not necessary to mention.

M. O. Stevenson, Admr.

Barn Struck by Lightning.

Last Monday afternoon, about 5 o'clock, while a rain storm was in progress, lightning struck Guy Nell's barn, out on the farm, shocking Mr. Nell and three other hands and killing his dog. The dog was lying in three feet of Mr. Nell and did not kick. The hair was burned from his body.

For Sale.

My house and lot, on Burkesville street, known as the E. G. Atkins property. I will also sell 18 acres of good tobacco land which adjoins the farm of Sam Burdette.

D. E. Phelps, Columbia, Ky.

Notice.

All parties interested in the Murray grave yard are requested to meet on Saturday at 7 o'clock a. m. Sept. the 10th., to complete the cleaning.

H. C. Feese.

There will be a basket singing at White Oak next Sunday. J. A. Darnell and Wolford Bros. will conduct it. Every body invited to come and bring well-filled baskets.

Amandaville and Bakerton were well represented during the three last days. We noticed R. T. Baker and family Finis Baker and family J. D. Sharp and quite a number of others who names we can not recall. Cumberland county also did the right thing, by sending large delegations. Ed Morgan headed the party from Waterview, Taylor, Green, Russell and Casey showed their appreciation by attending in large numbers. Metcalfe should not be overlooked for many of her best people were here, including Mr. T. C. Jones, and Mr. Buck Sparks, whom our people are always glad to meet.

For Sale.

Grist Mill, Corn crusher, Emery stand and wheel, Line shaft pulleys, belts, tire bender.

W. H. Cundiff,
Heraline, Ky.

Erle Russell Epperson, who is a son of the late W. P. Epperson, who many years ago was a partner of Mr. J. O. Russell in the mercantile business, this place, has an heir and he has christened him Erle Russell and he is called Russell. That part of his name is for Mr. J. O. Russell. Erle Russell Epperson is a bright young man and has made good in the world. He has a number of relatives in Adair county. His home is at Excelsior Springs, Mo.

All persons owing Royal Cafe, see me or settle at the Cafe.

W. R. Conover.

Mr. Sam Bottoms and wife, of Campbellsville were over last Saturday. The former represents the Campbellsville Loose Leaf House, and they took a drive into the country. Mr. Bottoms brought us a few pounds of extra good chewing tobacco for which he will please accept our thanks. It was Mrs. Bottoms first visit to our town and she expressed herself as perfectly delighted with Columbia.

Strayed

Two red shoats, weigh about 40 pounds, have been gone from my place since the last of August. Information wanted.

Tom Hughes, Bliss, Ky.

Hon. M. H. Rhorer, who for many years was a citizen of this place, but who has resided in Middlesboro for the last twenty-five years, met with a stroke of paralysis several weeks ago, and since that happened he has been confined to his home most of his time. He has a wide acquaintance in Adair county and his many friends would be glad to learn that he had been restored to health and activity.

Good Organ for sale. Call at

T. G. Ranser & Son.

Mr. P. V. Grissom, little Rock, Ark., called to see us Saturday. He reports that the Adair county colony, located in his town, are doing well, making money and are having fine health. Mr. Grissom says there is no place like Columbia in which to live, but at his present location he can make more money than he was making at his old home.

Box supper at Milltown school house Saturday night Sept. 10. Every body invited. Teacher,

Willia Petty.

Eld. Z. T. Williams and wife, have returned home from Cave City, where Mrs. Williams visited while Mr. Williams went to Dr. Vail of Cincinnati, for an operation on his eye. The operation was a success and after two weeks more Mr. Williams has the assurance that at that time he can have glasses that will enable him to see clearly.

A new line of rings at new prices to be found at L. E. Young's Jewelry Store.

A barn containing quite a lot of hay, the property of L. G. Weatherford, near Egypt church, was burned a few nights ago. The loss is reported about \$500.

Premiums Awarded at the Fair.

One of the most successful fairs ever held in Adair county, closed a four days meet last Friday afternoon. Many rings were hotly contested and the races, running and trots, were exciting, witnessed by three or four thousand people. The order was good throughout, only one or two little disturbances, nothing to interfere with the program. Mr. W. C. Van Hoy, who was the ring master, was slightly hurt the second day by one of the runners striking his horse, the ring master, being on the edge of the tract. Every body who attended the fair are highly elated over the successful meet, all the officers being praised for the manner in which it was conducted.

Campbellsville won the first game of baseball, 7 to 3. The game between Jamestown and Columbia was a tie, 9 and 9. Columbia won from Creelsboro, 11 to 4. Last game, Campbellsville against Columbia, tied before the game was out, 7 and 7. The full list of the winners follow:

First Day.

Display of apples—John A. Caldwell premium and certificate.

Display of peaches—Joe Allen Caldwell premium and certificate.

Display of watermelons—S. D. Barbee premium and certificate.

Display of cantaloupes—J. C. Bault premium and certificate.

Peck red wheat—P. V. Cundiff and sons premium and certificate.

Peck Oats—Joe Conover—premium and certificate.

Best 12 ears of corn—Bascom Dohoney, premium; Gordon McKinley certificate.

Best 12 ears yellow corn—Joe Conover premium and certificate.

Onions—Mrs. B. L. Royse premium; Mrs. Etna Waggoner certificate.

6 sweet potatoes—J. E. Bradshaw premium; C. O. Hutchison certificate.

Irish potatoes—Baruch Royse premium; E. O. Claycomb certificate.

Best dozen tomatoes—Mrs. Hudson Conover premium and certificate.

Best display vegetables—Mrs. Will Kelley premium and certificate.

Best 6 beets—Mrs. Will Kelley premium; Baruch Royse certificate.

Best 3 stalks dark tobacco—C. O. Hutchison premium; Golan Butler certificate.

Best 3 stalks Burley tobacco—J. P. Farris premium; Henry Mullins certificate.

Angel food cake—Mrs. A. S. Allison premium; Nancy Royse certificate.

Caramel cake—Mrs. Lena Butler premium and certificate.

Cocoanut cake—Mrs. Lena Butler premium; Mrs. J. A. Young certificate.

Ribbon cake—Nancy Royse premium and certificate.

One loaf light bread—Mrs. L. C. Hindman premium; Mrs. Josh Butler certificate.

One dozen soda biscuit—Mrs. Josh Butler premium; Baruch Royse certificate.

Sample of Honey—Mrs. Josh Butler premium Mrs. M. S. Biggs certificate.

Display of Jelly—Mrs. J. Z. Pickett premium; Julia Miller certificate.

Display of preserves—Mary Miller premium and certificate.

Jar of canned tomatoes—Margaret Caldwell premium and certificate.

Jar canned beans—Miss Nancy Royse premium; C. O. Hutchison certificate.

Jar canned corn—Mrs. A. S. Allison premium; C. O. Hutchison certificate.

Jar canned apples—Mrs. Josh Butler P.; Mrs. V. O. Sullivan C.

Jar canned peaches—Mrs. Henry Ingram P.; Mrs. Lena Butler C.

Jar canned cherries—Mrs. Jno. A. Caldwell P.; Mrs. B. L. Royse C.

Jar of Raspberries—Mrs. Jno. A. Caldwell, P and C.

Jar of cucumber pickles—Mrs. Henry Ingram P.; Mrs. J. H. Young, C.

Jar chow chow—C. O. Hutchison, P; and C.

Best Buck any age—Reed Bros., P.; R. L. Caldwell, C.

Best Buck any age, R. L. Caldwell, P.; and C.

Best Buck and two ewes—R. L. Caldwell, P.; Reed Bros., C.

Boar under one year old—J. Z. Conover, P.; W. H. Flowers, C.

Sow under one year old—Joe Jones, P.; J. Z. Conover, C.

Sow one year old and over—W. H. Flowers, P.; and C.

Boar one year old and over—Bascom Dohoney, P.; R. L. Smythe, C.

Boar any age, Bascom Dohoney, P. J. Z. Conover, C.

Sow any age—W. H. Flowers, P.; J. Z. Conover, C.

Mare or gelding to be driven by a lady accompanied by gentleman—Conover Bros., P.; Frank Cordier, C.

Five Gaited saddle mare or gelding 4 years old and over—Conover Bros. P.; O. P. Miller, C.

Combined mare or gelding any age—L. Tater, P.; Conover Bros. C.

Fastest mule 1/2 mile dash—Lon Black, P.; Virgil Burton C.

Fastest Plug horse 1/2 mile dash—Rollin Montgomery P.; James Dohoney, C.

Fastest mule 14 hands and under—Lon Black, P.; Virgil Burton, C.

Fastest pony 14 1/2 hands and under—1/2 mile dash 2 best in 3—Owens Karnes P.; Herbert Hand7, C.

Second Day.

Jersey cow 2 years old and over—Fred Myers, P.; J. Z. Pickett, C.

Jersey heifer 1 year old and under two—Mose Turner, P.; J. Z. Pickett, C.

Jersey heifer under 1 year old—J. H. Young P.; Leighton Smythe, C.

Jersey Cow any age—Fred Myers, P. Leighton Smythe, C.

Bull 3 years old and over—S. M. Burdette P. and C.

Bull under 1 year old—Fred Myers P. and C.

Cow 3 years old and over—Milton Powell P.; and C.

Cow 2 years old and under 3—Ben Hutchison, P. and C.

Cow 1 year old and under 2—S. M. Burdette P. and C.

Cow under 1 year old—Ben Hutchison P. and C.

Bull, any age, S. M. Burdette P. and C.

Cow, any age, S. M. Burdette, P. and C.

Herd, Bull and 3 females—S. M. Burdette P. and C.

Trio Barred Plymouth Rock—G. L. Jones, P.; Chas. Murray, C.

Trio White Plymouth Rock—Mrs. L. V. Turner, P.; Miss Myrtle Turner, C.

Trio R. I. Reds—Mrs. Josh Butler, P.; Mrs. Golan Butler, C.

Trio White Leghorns—W. G. McKinley P. and C.

Stallion, 3 years old and over—W. G. Morgan P. and C.

Mare or Gelding 4 years old and over—Bob Hancock P.; Frank Cordier C.

Mare or Gelding, 3 years old and under 4, Conover Bros., P. and C.

Mare or Gelding 2 years old and under 3—Conover Bros. P. and C.

Mare or Gelding 1 year old and under 2—Fred Hare P. and C.

Colt under 1 year old—Bob Blades P.; Bascom Dohoney C.

Brood Mare—Bob Blades P.; A. C. Coleman C.

\$100 Saddle horse stake—Burdette & Coffey P.; L. Tater C, Ralph D. Kinnaid 3rd

Mule Race—Paul Sharp 1st; Virgil Burton 2nd; Frank Neathery 3rd.

Plug Race—Rollin Montgomery 1st; Herbert Dohoney 2nd; Ed Thomas 3rd.

Thoroughbred race—Elsie Young 1st; Lucien Hunn 2nd.

\$100 Free for all Trot—Fate Piles 1st; Frank Cordier 2nd.

Third Day.

Mule 3 years old and over—Curt Yarberry, P.; Ed Hancock C.

Mule 2 years old and under three—Bascom Dohoney P. and C.

Mule 1 year old and under 2—Casus Cheatham P.; W. T. Dohoney C.

Mule under 1 year old—W. C. Van Hoy P.; Robt. Caldwell C.

Best pair mules any age—Curt Yarberry P.; Ed Hancock C.

Best double team—Bob Hancock P. and C.

Most beautiful stallion, mare or gelding shown in hand—W. L. Grady P.; Conover Bros. C.

Lady Rider astride—Mrs. Emma Grissom P.; Miss Zora Edna Bell C.

Saddle stallion 3 years old and over—L. Tater P. and C.

Saddle mare or gelding 3 years and over Conover Bros. P.; J. A. Williams C.

Saddle mare or gelding 2 years and under 3—Bill Hancock P.; W. G. McKinley C.

Mare or gelding 1 year old and under 2—J. H. Rogers P.; Fred Hare C.

\$50 Saddle horse stake—Burdette & Coffey P.; L. Tater C, Ralph Kinnaid 3rd

Plug horse race, 2 best in 3, 1/2 mile heat—Rollin Montgomery, P.; Jno. Goff C.

Mule race—Paul Sharp P.; Virgil Burton C.

Thoroughbred race \$100—Elsie Young P.; Lucien Hunn C.

Free for all Trot \$100—Fate Piles P.; Frank Cordier C.

Fourth Day.

Stallion 3 years old and over—W. G. Morgan P. and C.

Mare or gelding, 3 years old and over—L. Tater P. Hudson Conover, C.

Riding Ring—World War Veterans—Bill Hancock P.; W. G. Morgan C.

Prettiest girl baby under 14 months—Mrs. Nell Herriford,

Prettiest boy baby under 14 months—Mrs. Jack Follis.

\$100 Roadstake—Frank Cordier P.; L. Tater, C; Burdette & Coffey 3rd.

Walk, trot and canter mare or gelding—Conover Bros., P.; L. Tater, C.

Consolation Stallion, mare or gelding, any age that has not taken a premium of any kind at this fair—Ray Caldwell P.; Jack Reynolds, C.

Old-fashioned Walking ring—Felix Reynolds P.; Cortez Sanders, C.

Plug horse race—Rollin Montgomery P.; Dewey Whitehead C.

Mule race—Paul Sharp P.; Virgil Burton C.

Thoroughbred race \$100—Elsie Young P.; Walter Goff C.

Free for all Trot \$100—Fate Piles P.; Frank Cordier.

A series of meetings started at the Baptist church last Sunday. Rev. Ray preached Sunday, and Dr. Stevens, who will do the preaching for the meeting, arrived Monday night.

Doubtless the attendance will be large throughout the series, as Dr. Stevens has a wide reputation as a pulpit orator and deep thinker.

Everything to be had in the school supplies. Why chance sending elsewhere?

L. E. Young, Jeweler.

Mrs. Allen Walker entertained the following ladies for dinner Saturday:

Mrs. Vic Rhinerson, Mrs. Ida Thornton, Mrs. Edlie Purdy and daughter, Bradfordsville, Mrs. Zora Rowe and son, Kinnaid, of Red Lick, Mr. Jim Mann, wife and children of Glasgow, Mrs. J. A. Diddle, of Adairville. All of these attended the fair.

Sewing wanted at the Hancock Hotel.

Mrs. Ralph Stults and sister.

Henry Wilson, of Campbellsville, pitched for Columbia in the last game, Campbellsville against Columbia. He has had but little experience, but in tossing the ball he convinced his opponents and the witnesses, that there was in him a crack-jack pitcher.

The game tied at dark, 7 and 7.

LOST—Silver hand Purse at Fair Grounds, Thursday, Sept. 1, 1921. Contained Powder Puff and crepe de chine handkerchief. Will pay \$5.00. Return to News office.

The Lindsey-Wilson and the Graded School opened to-day with flattering prospects. Parents should enter their children at once. Do not wait until all the first students have been classified. The teachers want the pupils at the beginning, knowing that it will be to their advantage.

The Ingersoll Just the watch for those who want a good, low priced watch.

L. E. Young, Jeweler.

The News \$1.50 in Kentucky.



SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Young Carlyle Whitburn Dale, or "Bill Dale," as he elects to be known, son of a wealthy coal operator, John K. Dale, arrives at the Halfway Switch, in eastern Tennessee, abandoning a life of idle ease—and incidentally a bride, Patricia Claverling, at the altar—determined to make his own way in life. He meets "Babe," Littleford, typical mountaineer girl. "Babe," a character of the hills, takes him to John Moreland's home. Moreland is chief of his "clan," which has an old feud with the Littlefords. He tells Dale of the killing of his brother, David Moreland, years ago, owner of rich coal deposits, by a man named Carlyle. Moreland's description of "Carlyle" causes Dale to believe the man was his father.

CHAPTER II.—Dale arranges to make his home with the Moreland family, for whom he entertains a deep respect.

CHAPTER III.—Talking with "Babe," Littleford next day, Dale is ordered by "Black Adam" Ball, bully of the district, to leave "his girl" alone. Dale replies spiritedly, and they fight. Dale whips the bully, though badly used up. He arranges with John Moreland to develop David's coal deposits. Ben Littleford sends a challenge to John Moreland to meet him with his followers next day, in battle. Moreland agrees.

CHAPTER IV.—During the night all the guns belonging to the Littlefords and the Morelands mysteriously disappear.

CHAPTER V.—Dale arranges to go to Cincinnati to secure money for the mining of the coal. The two clans find their weapons, which the women had hidden and line up for battle. "Babe," in an effort to stop the fighting, crosses to the Moreland side of the river, and is accidentally shot by her father and seriously wounded.

CHAPTER VI.—To get proper surgical aid, John Moreland, Ben Littleford and Dale convey "Babe," unconscious, to the city. Doctors assure them she is not seriously hurt. Dale meets an old friend, Bobby McLaurin, who had married Patricia Claverling. Telling his father of David Moreland's coal, the old gentleman's actions convince his son of his father's guilt in the killing of Moreland.

The two nodded, and the physician knelt beside the litter, which had been placed with its ends on boxes to allow the center to swing free. He made as thorough an examination as was possible under the conditions, then arose and stood looking down upon the young woman with something like admiration in his sober, professional eyes.

"Perfect physique," he said as though to himself. . . . "She will



"Perfect Physique," He Said, as Though to Himself.

have to undergo an operation," he told Dale. "The bone there is broken in slightly, making a compression; she will doubtless be unconscious until the pressure is relieved. But she has fine chances for a quick and entire recovery, with a good surgeon on the job. So there's not much ground for worry."

Dale was glad. They were all glad. Ben Littleford laughed nervously in his sudden joy. He went down to his knees beside his daughter, took up one of her limp hands and stroked it in a way that was pitiful.

When he arose he spoke cordially to Moreland. But Moreland didn't reply. He still looked upon his old enemy with contempt.

Doctor McKenzie was leaving the train at the next town of importance, and he would wire Doctor Braemer to meet them with an ambulance, it Dale wished.

"If you please," said Dale.

They reached the city shortly before midnight, and were promptly met by the surgeon. Braemer took charge of the patient, put her into his ambulance and hurried her to his private hospital. Bill Dale and the two clan chiefs followed in an automobile. The hillmen had never before seen an automobile; but they asked no questions about it, and the only word of comment was this, from John Moreland: "I don't like the smell."

Everything had been made ready for the operation, and Babe received surgical aid without delay.

The two mountaineers and Dale waited in another room. Dale had induced John Moreland to unload his rifle, both chamber and magazine. Babe's father paced the floor anxiously now and then. Moreland sat like a stone, with his empty rifle between his knees, and watched his old enemy queerly.

It seemed a long time before Braemer came to them and told them snuggly that it was all over and that the girl was then coming from under the effects of the ether. She would be all right soon, he was reasonably certain. No, they'd better not see her just then. But perhaps they could see her at some time during the afternoon of the following day.

Dale escorted his two companions to a modest hotel and then put them in a room that had but one bed; by thus throwing them together in a strange land, he hoped to do something toward making them friends. Then Dale went to another room, undressed and went to bed.

It may be noted, parenthetically as it were, that John Moreland and Ben Littleford quickly reached a wordless agreement not to sleep together—they divided the pillows and linens evenly, tore the odd coverlet exactly in half, and slept on the floor.

When Dale went down to the lobby the following morning an alert-eyed young fellow sprang from a chair and hastened up to him.

"By George, Bobby," Dale exclaimed, as they began to shake hands. "How did you know I was here, anyway? Your boasted nose for news, eh?"

"Gully," smiled McLaurin. "I got word last night that a mountain girl had been brought to Braemer's, accidentally shot, and I ruelled a feud; so I hurried over to get the story. You had just left, and Braemer's didn't know much about it. It was too soon after the operation, they said, for her to see me; then one of the nurses whispered to me that you had brought her, and said that I would find you here. So here I am, Bill, and I want the story. I'll phone it in, and then I'll give you some news."

"The story mustn't be published, Bobby," Dale replied. "For one reason, there is a feud; and if the law knew, it might take a hand—you see, I think there is a better way to take care of that feud. And I am of the opinion that the girl wouldn't like the publicity. Suppose you forget all about it, Bobby."

If McLaurin was disappointed, he kept it well to himself.

"They said she was handsome, a sort of primitive Venus," he winked. "Is there a romance connected, Bill?"

"Not yet," smiled Dale.

"But soon?"

"Who can tell?" Dale shrugged a little. "Tell me the news."

"All right," McLaurin drew his friend toward a pair of empty chairs. "I married Patricia Claverling the day before yesterday. We—"

"Bully! Go on."

"We were married in an automobile, with her father and 'poor dear Harry' chasing us like wildfire in another car. Yesterday we went to housekeeping in a cute little suburban bungalow, furniture on the installment plan. Her people won't even look at us, Bill! But do we care? Bill Dale, I ask you, old dear, do I seem to be worrying? Honest, I'm so happy I'm afraid something is going to happen to me. I'm to have a lift in salary soon, and we won't be long in paying for the furniture; and when that's done, we'll buy the bungalow."

"And I'm informing you now, old savage," he continued, "that you're having dinner with us this evening. You'll find it pleasant. We do as we please, you see. If you like, you may stir your coffee with your finger, eat with your knife, reach clean across the table, and pick your teeth with your fork. You can eat with your hat on, and you may have your dessert first. You can have an extra chair for your feet, and you can go to sleep at the table. Don't fail us. Pat wants to thank you for 'casting her aside' at the altar."

Dale laughed boyishly. McLaurin went on:

"There's more news. Your father has been trying hard to find you. He sent a man to Atlanta to look for you. He told me he'd give me a house and lot if I'd find you—and if there was a little more of the highway robber in me, I'd call his hand!"

"And mother—have you seen her?" Dale muttered.

"I've seen her twice since the near-wedding."

"Did she have anything to say about me? Tell me the whole truth, Bobby. I can take it, old man. I'm big enough." McLaurin frowned. "Since you've asked me, Bill, your mother—I over-

heard her telling your father that she would never forgive you for the 'utterly shameless, disgraceful scene' you made in church."

"I see," said Dale. He brightened and went on, "As soon as I can get my two friends down to the dining room, Bobby, you're going with me to father. We're going to claim that house and lot for you."

"For Patricia's sake, I've a thundering big notion to take you up," laughed McLaurin. "Your dad would never miss it."

"That's it—take me up for Pat's sake," said Dale, rising. "You'd be foolish if you didn't. You should be willing to do anything, almost, for Pat. She's a jewel, Bobby."

Half an hour later they caught a passing car that soon carried them to a palace of granite and stone and cream-colored brick—the home of the old coal king, John K. Dale.

At the wide front gateway young Dale drew back.

"Bring father out here," he said in a low voice. "From what you told me, I guess mother wouldn't want me to come in. But you can find out about that—"

He hoped his mother would want to see him. While she had never seemed to care for him as other mothers cared for their boys; while she hadn't been quite so dear to him as she might have been—

"And if she wants to see me, Bobby, let me know."

McLaurin smiled a somewhat worried smile, and went up to the front door. A moment later he was shown in. Yet another moment, and John K. Dale, his florid face beaming with gladness, hastened out to the gateway. Young Dale was instantly touched by his father's new attitude toward him; then he remembered the long night of David Moreland's people, and he stiffened a little and drew back a pace.

"You've come home to stay, haven't you, Carlyle?" said the older man, and his voice was filled with pleading. "What you did is all right; we'll never mention it again. You'll stay, won't you, Carlyle, my boy?"

"No," answered the son, a trifle coldly in spite of himself. "I've spent all the idle, useless years I'll ever spend. I'm getting ready to develop the coal in David Moreland's mountain."

"David—Moreland's—mountain!"

The retired coal magnate breathed the three words in a husky tone. He put forth a hand and rested it against one of the huge stone gateposts, as though to steady himself, and some of the color went from his face.

"You say David Moreland's mountain, Carlyle?" jerkily.

"Yes."

"And you—you learned about David Moreland?"

"Yes," Bill Dale folded his arms and stood there looking at his father with eyes that accused.

"You know who killed him?" old Dale muttered.

"I do, and it was a shame—a black shame."

"Yes, it was a shame. Nobody knows that half so well as I know it," said John K. Dale. His mouth quivered. He looked downward, looked up again. "Son, you can never say or think worse things about me than I have said and thought about myself—because of that."

Dale the younger glanced toward the house. Robert McLaurin was coming slowly down the veranda steps. Mrs. Dale was nowhere in sight. She didn't want to see her son; she didn't even want him in the house. Bill Dale read it all in his friend's downcast countenance, and it was somehow a great disappointment.

"You'll need money if you're going to develop that coal property," Dale the elder was saying. "You haven't any money, and those mountain folk haven't any. I'll give you all that's



"You Know Who Killed Him?" Old Dale Muttered.

needed. I'll send you mining machinery, and expert mining men; I'll—"

"You needn't," broke in the embittered Bill Dale. "I can get the necessary funds without difficulty. I'll pay the debt myself. You've had a great many years in which to try to make amends, and you haven't done anything. You might have helped the Morelands without their even knowing that it was you—especially as they seem to have known you by another name—and that's the only way you could have helped them. Here you

have one reason why I cannot accept assistance from you; don't you see, father? The Morelands wouldn't have it, and I couldn't lie to them."

He motioned to McLaurin, who had halted on the lower veranda step in order that he might not overhear, and turned and walked away. McLaurin followed, and soon overtook him.

Bill Dale stopped suddenly and faced back to his father.

"Remember that Bobby gets his house and lot!"

"Yes," replied John K. Dale. "Bobby gets his house and lot."

He went sadly toward the mansion that seemed to him now a good deal like a tomb. Young Dale touched his friend on the arm.

"Tell me, what did mother say? I know it's going to hurt, but—tell it."

"She was sitting beside an open window in the library," said McLaurin. "I told her that you were at the gate, and asked if she would like to see you. At first I was afraid she hadn't heard me. Then she opened a book that she was reading, found her place and marked it with a finger, and looked at me."

"Who did you say was at the gate, Mr. McLaurin?" she asked.

"Your son Carlyle," I answered.

"Mr. McLaurin," she said to me coldly, "I want you never to forget this: To me there is no such person on earth as Carlyle Dale."

They went downtown in silence.

CHAPTER VII.

Lonesome.

When John Moreland and Ben Littleford had finished their breakfast there in the dining room of the Blaisdell, they drank the water from their fingerbowls, threatened with sudden death the waiter who snickered, and found the way to the lobby.

To Littleford the minutes dragged soddily. Finally he told Moreland, in a sentence filled with double negatives, that he could bear the suspense no longer, and proposed that they set out at once for Doctor Braemer's hospital. The hotel manager overheard some of the one-sided conversation; he phoned the surgeon and learned that the young woman was resting easily, which information he passed on to the mountain men.

Ben Littleford was quiet for five minutes, more or less. Then he again proposed to John Moreland that they go to the hospital to see Babe. Moreland refused flatly, and accompanied his refusal with an unmistakable look of contempt.

"You're as restless as a dawg in a flea town," he told his old enemy, and with that he walked away.

A few minutes later Ben Littleford stole out unnoticed by his neighbor from the Big Pine, and went at a brisk gait up the street. Moreland found it out shortly afterward; he followed the Littleford chief hotfoot, and overtook him. Trust your hill dweller to note landmarks when he goes into unknown territory—Littleford was headed straight for the hospital.

They walked for two blocks in silence. Moreland had assumed the attitude of one who has had the guardianship of an irresponsible person thrust upon him. But soon he softened somewhat.

"I shore can't understand, Ben," he drawled, "how Bill Dale ever could bear it to live here."

"I wonder," Littleford said absently, as though he had not heard, "what Bill Dale is at? It's mighty durned lonesome without him, ain't it? That was good ham we had for breakfast, John."

"It wasn't ham. It was beef."

"It was ham."

"It was beef."

"It was ham—"

"Don't ye reckon," flared John Moreland, "that I know a dang cow's meat when I see it? It was beef!"

They had halted in the middle of a stream of pedestrians. A policeman crowded his way to them.

"Move on!" he growled.

Bill Dale was at that moment entering the lobby of the Blaisdell with Robert McLaurin at his side. Dale had just told McLaurin that he meant to go to Cincinnati to borrow money from his wealthy friend Harris. Then McLaurin told Dale something that saved him the journey to Cincinnati.

"You haven't heard about Harris, Bill? I'm sorry, because he would have accommodated you. He went broke a few days ago in the cotton smash. He was here yesterday, and left last night for Cincy."

Dale did not try to conceal his surprise and disappointment. Harris, for all his youth, had been a business marvel.

"I'll have to try somebody here, I guess. But I won't take it from father—mother wouldn't permit it, anyway, if she knew—and there are several other reasons. Queer how a fellow's mother would turn him down like this! Usually, y'know, it's a fellow's mother that sticks by him the longest. . . ."

"I wonder where I could find old Newton Wheatley, of the Luther-Wheatley Iron company? I know him, all right. He always liked me, Bobby."

"You'll find him at home," McLaurin answered. "He's out of business, and here all the time now. He might take a shot at coal. Why not 'phone him from here?"

"I'll do that," Dale decided. "Look up my two friends for me, Bobby, will you?"

He was soon speaking to Newton Wheatley. He was brief in stating his wishes. To the question as to why he did not go to his father for funds—well, he had his reasons, and it was rather a private matter. Wheatley, of course, remembered the near-wedding.

The old iron man was silent for what seemed to Dale a very long time.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

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REED BROS!

INSURANCE IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

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THE "OLD RELIABLE" THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT

White Haired Alabama Lady Says She Has Seen Medicines Come, and Go But The "Old Reliable" Thedford's Black-Draught Came and Stayed.

Dutton, Ala.—In recommending Thedford's Black-Draught to her friends and neighbors here, Mrs. T. F. Parks, a well-known Jackson County lady, said: "I am getting up in years; my head is pretty white. I have seen medicines and remedies come and go but the old reliable came and stayed. I am talking of Black-Draught, a liver medicine we have used for years—one that can be depended upon and one that will do the work."

"Black-Draught will relieve indigestion and constipation if taken right, and I know for I tried it. It is the best thing I have found for the full, comfortable

feeling after meals. Sour stomach and sick headache can be relieved by taking Black-Draught. It aids digestion, also assists the liver in 'throwing off impurities. I am glad to recommend Black-Draught, and do, to my friends and neighbors."

Thedford's Black-Draught is a standard household remedy with a record of over seventy years of successful use. Every one occasionally needs something to help cleanse the system of impurities. Try Black-Draught. Insist upon Thedford's, the genuine.

At all druggists.

Advertise In The News

WOMEN ENDORSE AMENDMENTS

Advisability of Changes In School Laws Discussed By Mrs. H. G. Reynolds, Federation President

The women of the state are vitally interested in the passage of the two amendments to the Constitution which are to be voted on next November. Mrs. H. G. Reynolds, president of the Federated Women's Clubs of the State, when asked for a statement concerning the attitude of the Federation, said:

"The Kentucky Federation of Women's Clubs in convention, assembled May 1921, unanimously endorsed a resolution recommending the passage of the two amendments which will go so far toward lifting Kentucky from the disgraceful position which she now occupies in the educational statistical tables and pledged the earnest support of their 10,000 members through their personal efforts and their Legislative Committee.

"No thinking person can dispute the advisability of taking the office of State Superintendent of Schools out of politics. The wisdom is so obvious

its needs. Her judgment concerning its educational needs should not be lightly put aside. The mother is entitled to a place in the councils of education, and the real friends of better educational institutions will insist that she take her rightful place on their boards."

SCHOOL TAX HELD TO BE ENORMOUS

Yet Twenty-Two Times as Much Is Spent For Luxuries.

The taxpayer groans at our enormous school tax. Numerous other people mention the fact that the United States spent almost a billion dollars for public education in 1918!

Is a billion dollars a huge sum to invest in training the brains of the children of the country? The answer to this question of investing a billion in education is answered by a recent statement by the Department of Education at Washington. A portion of the statement is given here:

"According to Government returns for 1920, the people of the United States spent for luxuries in that year \$22,700,000,000; more than 23 times as much as they spent for education only two years before, and six billions, or 30 per cent, more than we have spent for public education in all our history. Expenditures for luxuries in 1920 included among other items:

For face powder, cosmetics, perfume, etc.	\$750,000,000
Toilet soaps	400,000,000
Cigarettes	800,000,000
Cigars	510,000,000
Tobacco and snuff	800,000,000
Jewelry	500,000,000
Chewing gum	50,000,000

"It is interesting to compare some of these items with the expenditures for education. The amount paid for face powder, cosmetics, and perfumes is only \$12,000,000 less than the total amount expended for public, elementary, and secondary education in 1918; and within \$50,000,000 of twice the total amount of salaries paid teachers in public, elementary, and secondary schools.

"The amount paid for jewelry is nearly \$100,000,000 more than the salaries of teachers in elementary and high schools in 1918, and is more than the total productive funds of all endowed colleges and universities in that year.

"The \$50,000,000 for chewing gum is 2½ times the total expenditures for normal schools and almost exactly the same as all State and city appropriations for higher education.

"The total cost for tobacco, in all its forms, in 1920, was five times the total of teachers salaries in 1918 and almost exactly the same as the total cost for elementary and secondary education for the three years, 1916, 1917, and 1918. If in some moment of high enthusiasm and patriotic devotion the people who use tobacco had agreed among themselves to smoke two cigarettes instead of three, two cigars instead of three, and two dips instead of three, and had paid to the support of the schools the money thus saved for the year, the salaries of teachers in schools of all grades, public and private, could have been increased by more than 1920 per cent. For tobacco in its various forms we paid more than we have paid for higher education since the founding of Harvard College in Massachusetts and William and Mary in Virginia."

ferred infinite chance for escape there have always been the island-dotted areas which furnish excellent lurking places from which these exponents of absolute freedom might take their quarry for examination and long division among them. The Greek Archipelago, the Barbary coast, the East Indies, the China shores and the Spanish Main, within the shadow of our own doors, have been pirate bases for centuries and given to the world a wealth of stories of breathless interest.

"In ancient times these sea robbers off the coast of Greece, Italy, and Asia Minor with their thousands of light, swift vessels, or 'sea mice' as they were called, 'taxed' merchant shipping so heavily that they rightly and rightly termed their base of operations the 'Golden Gulf.' They flaunted their black flag in the face of mighty Rome, which remained impotent against them until Pompey with almost unlimited resources at his command curbed their operations.

Pandora's Box of Piracy.
"Ferdinand and Isabella unwittingly, in their decision to drive the Moors from Spanish soil, let loose upon the world and particularly upon Spanish shipping, then at the height of its pride, a fearful horde of daring and unscrupulous avengers.

"In the early days of Moslem power one of the caliphs wrote to his general and asked him what the sea was like. The general answered, 'The sea is a huge beast which silly folk ride like worms on logs.' Consequently the caliph gave orders that no Moslem should voyage upon it, but they soon learned that they must conquer it if they were to hold their own among other peoples, and they subsequently

BIG STOCK OF CLOTHING

I am now ready to supply young men, old men and boys with clothing. I have an immense stock and receiving new supplies daily. I can interest you in prices. If you need any thing in this line, call at once.

SHOES! SHOES!!

My stock of fine shoes for men and boys was selected with care. I bought them right, and they are being sold at the shortest profit.

I can also accommodate ladies and young girls with the latest styles in shoes.

BUCCIES AND WAGONS.

I have a large supply of the very best makes and I am selling them at living prices. Riding and walking plows, all kinds at LIBERAL DISCOUNT for CASH.

It matters not what you need on the farm, I can please you in the article and price.

WOODSON LEWIS

GREENSBURG, - - - - - KENTUCKY.

furnished some of the most audacious and picturesque of the pirate figures.

The James Brothers of the Seas.

"Two of the most daring and ingenious of these were the Barbarossa brothers. 'Red Beard' terrorized the Mediterranean world from Constantinople to the Pillars of Hercules. The excellent harbors and the island hiding places made it possible for him to defy the fleets of England, Italy, Spain and Holland, to levy tribute on all the vessels that passed over the highway, to capture the richly laden Papal galleys bound for Rome in Moslem defiance of Christendom and chain the Christians to their oars. In 1510, at that time notorious and immensely wealthy, he changed the base of his operations to the island of Jerba, off the coast of Tunis, where the Fates ceased to smile so kindly upon him. After many hard-fought battles and vicissitudes of fortune he fell before the forces of Charles V of Spain near Tremazan on African soil. He had actually escaped, but upon learning that his faithful followers were close pressed he returned to die with them. The career of his brother Kheyr-el-din is scarcely less romantic.

"Piracy on the American coast among the French and Spanish navigators began before the days of the English colonists. Queen Elizabeth is said to have covertly countenanced as well as helped expeditions by buccaneers, and in the West Indies the trade restrictions placed by the various mother countries led to acceptance by many island governors of wares brought by navigators whom they knew to be free-booters and whose methods they could not afford to question.

Piracy Road to High Office.
"Perhaps the most unscrupulous and wily of the perverted sea kings was Henry Morgan of the Caribbees. He was a magnate, an indomitable ruler, a crafty strategist, and a commander of genius as well as a pirate par excellence. In fact he flirted with one danger after the other always to come out on top. He marched into Puerto Principe in the heart of Cuba and took it despite every resistance. He outwitted with uncanny cunning the officers at Porto Bello in Panama, one

of the strongest cities near the Caribbean shores and the storehouse for the riches which had been brought by Spanish galleons and mule packs from the interior. He escaped with an inestimable amount of gold and jewels, ingeniously employing a fire-ship against the Spanish to accomplish his escape when he was bottled up in Maracaibo lake. Finally he took and sacked the city of Panama. Then leaving his companions in the lurch, he slipped away at night with all the booty to Jamaica, ingratiating himself with the governor, and was clever enough to get himself into the graces of the English king who knighted him and made him lieutenant governor of Jamaica for his 'long experience of that colony.'

"In our boyhood, stories of Captain Kid were frequent. The subject of the narratives was really a respectable sailor in the merchant service with a wife and family in New York when he was commissioned by the English king in 1690 with power to seize and destroy off the American coast all pirate ships. Having been given ships and crews to accomplish the purpose, he gayly set sail across the Atlantic, around the Cape of Good Hope to East India waters and convert to his own uses his captures. Then he hid himself, so the story goes, to West Indian waters and buried his superfluous treasures before he finally went to Boston where he was captured, sent to England for trial, was executed and his body left to dangle in the wind for years as a warning to sailors."

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COLUMBIA, - - - KY.

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Here is a proposition we make to readers who want a city paper, but do not want a daily:

We will furnish the Adair County News and the St. Louis Twice-a-week Globe Democrat for \$1.00 per year, in Kentucky. To subscribers living in other States \$2.40.

The Twice-a-week Globe Democrat is one of the best and newest papers published in this country. We do not know how long this proposition will hold good, therefore, if you want the papers, call or send in your subscription at once.

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I am permanently located in Columbia.

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All Work Guaranteed

Office:—next door to post office.

PIRATES AGAIN SWEEPING SEAS

Theory Put Forward as Explanation of Disappearance of American Vessels.

PIRACY FOLLOWS GREAT WARS

Island-Dotted Areas of the Oceans Offer Lurking Places for Sea Rovers—Piracy Has Flourished Since Early Days of History.

Washington, D. C.—The theory that pirates are again infesting Atlantic waters has been put forward in connection with the grounding of the Carroll Doering and the mysterious disappearance of three other American steamships.

"An epidemic of piracy has followed in the wake of nearly all of the great wars. Even as recently as 1815 restless souls who had smelled the blood of battle and felt the intoxication of danger became loath to settle down into the peaceful ways of men and commerce, and chose the wide seas as an asylum because they refused to live under the law," says a bulletin of the National Geographic society from its Washington, D. C., headquarters.

Some Famous Pirate Bases.
"Beside the broad oceans which of-

Adair County News

Published On Tuesdays

At Columbia, Kentucky.

J. E. MURRELL, Editor
MRS. DAISY HAMLETT, Manager

A Democratic Newspaper devoted to the interest of the city of Columbia and the People of Adair and adjoining Counties.

Entered at the Columbia Post-office as second class matter.

TUESD. SEPT. 6, 1921.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

In Kentucky..... \$1.50
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The directors of the Columbia Fair Association should be congratulated upon the splendid exhibition given last week. Judging from the crowds that were daily in attendance, is an evidence that the people of Adair and adjoining counties were ripe for a fair. They came from all sections, and the little disturbances that occurred are not large enough to mention. Taking everything into consideration the great mass of people were exceedingly orderly, showing that they were very much interested in the program. There were many hotly contested rings, but the losers submitted without a murmur, as they should. A Judge acts upon his best judgment, and when a decision has been made, mum should be the word, and as we intimated above there was no room for kicking. We heard a number of men speaking during the days and they were all in high glee over the manner in which the Association was conducting the meet. Satisfaction is what the management wanted and we are satisfied that the exhibitors all left for their respective homes in a happy frame of mind, and will be ready to return next year. The Bardstown colored Band made the music and they seemed not to tire, and rendered many beautiful selections.

ATTENTION, DEMOCRATS.

Every member of the Democratic Committee of Adair county is called to meet in the Paramount Theater, Columbia, Ky., Saturday afternoon September 10, 1921. The object of the call is to select election officers for the November election, and to transact some other important business. Let every man and woman who is a member of the Committee attend.

J. R. Garnett, Chairman
Miss Estelle Willis, Sec'y.

Hon. Lilburn Phelps is opposed to the amendments to the Constitution, making the office of State Superintendent appointive instead of elective. He says that he opposes the amendments as a voter, not as a Republican. He is now Secretary of the Republican State Committee, and he will issue a statement to the voters of Kentucky, giving his reasons for his opposition. Appointing a superintendent will not take the matter out of politics. We are satisfied that Mr. Phelps is right.

Judges Rollin Hurt, of the Kentucky Court of Appeals, spent several days in the city this week shaking hands with old friends and making new ones. Judge Hurt represents this ap-

pellate district and is considered one of the best judges on the bench. He will most likely be a candidate for re-election next year.—Somerset Journal.

John Bailey, who shot and killed Beverly White, in Knox county, some months ago, was tried in Mt. Vernon last week, a change of venue having been granted, and he was given a life sentence. The case will go to the Court of Appeals. According to the testimony the shooting was uncalled for and was premeditated.

Hon. Ralph Gilbert, Congressman from the Eighth district, will be in Columbia next Saturday, the 10th. Persons living out of town who may have business with him, and those who want to meet him socially, will be given an opportunity.

The editor of the Somerset Commonwealth dislikes to be told of his mistakes. We all make them. By the way he is reminded of the conspicuous position he gives in his paper of the Republican ticket to be voted for in November.

Attention Druggists.

Louisville, Ky., September 3.—Supplementing a recent opinion in which he held that druggists who sell patent medicines that have been advertised from wagons in the street, the advertisers naming the druggists from whom the nostrums could be obtained, are subject to prosecution. Elwood Hamilton, attorney for the State Board of Health, now has handed Dr. A. T. McCormack, State Health officer, another opinion in which he says that the person advertising the nostrums from the wagon also is subject to prosecution.

This opinion is based on the law which states that vendors of patent medicines must pay \$100 for their licenses and then proceeds to strengthen this by declaring that it is immaterial whether the patent medicine is sold by the vendor or otherwise.

"Such a sale," Mr. Hamilton summed the situation up, "would undoubtedly subject the person advertising the medicines from the wagon to a penalty for failure to procure a license before making the sale."

In this connection the Kentucky Druggist, the official organ of the Kentucky Pharmaceutical Association, contains this editorial comment:

"The writer agrees with Dr. McCormack that no reputable druggist would be a party to any scheme that would assist itinerant vendor to distribute his worthless nostrums. But this profession, like others, contains some weak brothers who can not resist clinching the almighty dollar, even if there is a question of their abiding by the law. It is for the benefit of our weaker brothers that we bring this matter before the druggists of the State."

State Board of Health.

Barbecue Near Jamestown.

On Wednesday Aug. 24th., there assembled at the Alonzo Barger spring 2 miles west of Jamestown, about 100 persons from town and vicinity, the occasion being a barbecue staged by Mr. W. A. Templeton, of

Augusta, Ga., Dr. Gehrken and C. W. Falkenburg, of Jamestown.

Mr. Templeton, who is an expert knowing all the culinary art was general manager of cooking. He was ably assisted by a number of the good ladies and a great feast was prepared and served from a long table in the shade.

If we remember correctly the menu consisted of the following, barbecued pig, barbecued hash, fresh tomatoes, hot coffee and bread.

All told it was a day of enjoyment and pleasure, one that will long be remembered by those present.

Sparksville.

Verba, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Murphy, is very low with typhoid fever.

Mr. Garlin Wilson and sister, who have been confined to their room for some time, are able to be out again.

Mr. Ray Sexton, wife and baby visited at the latter's parents Thursday and Friday.

Mrs. E. D. Nelson and son, Mrs. C. Gowen and son, who have been visiting in Barren county, have returned home.

We are sorry to note that Mr. Harlan Wheeler, is very low at this writing.

Miss Nadia Akins was the guest of Mrs. Edna Yarbber Tuesday.

There was a large crowd attended the ball game last Saturday.

Mr. Beckham Cole, of Weed, passed through this section one day last week en route to Columbia.

Mrs. Flora Bragg, Nadia and Myrtle Akin visited the sick at G. B. Murphey's Tuesday night.

"With Reservations."

There is a sort of grim humor in the Japanese position, as announced in a despatch from Tokio, that it will enter the disarmament conference, with the "reservation" that there shall be no discussion of the Shantung question.

Chickens have indeed come home to roost to the Ohio Senator, now President, who insisted that the United States sign the peace Treaty with the "reservation" it did not approve of Japan holding the Shantung peninsula.

The position of the Ohio Senator and his colleagues on that and similar questions prevented the United States Senate from ratifying the Treaty, and barred the United States from participation, in a great world council, bent upon the maintenance of peace.

But now the tables are turned. Another world conference has been called, looking to disarmament, which pre-supposes peace. This time the Ohio Senator, now President, appeals for unreserved support for his program but Japan announces a "reservation" on Shantung.

Was ever retribution quicker?—E. Town News.

Big Elm.

This section of country has many things to be thankful for. We have a fine corn crop, such as we have not had for years. Wheat good, about 900 bushels

threshed out in Big Elm Valley. Hay a little slack, but plenty of sweet potatoes and Irish potatoes. Just splendid. In fact all garden stuff good. One grape vine on Big Elm farm shelled out 18 gallons of grapes. Pastures never better, stock getting fat. And one item further that we should be thankful for and that is there is no serious sickness in this section at this time.

Quite a revival meeting is going on at Mt. Zion church at this time. Several confessions have been made and several on the anxious seat, and it may go on for ten days yet. It is conducted by preacher Firkin and some others.

Last Sunday night some one entered the home of Mr. Mont Garr, near Denmark, and stole eight hundred dollars in Government Bonds and \$12 in cash. Blood hounds were sent for, but they got no clew.

Mr. Willis Blakey, who lives in this section, has been buying stock, cattle, hogs and sheep, about a car load every week, and has cleaned up the surplus stock of this section. He says he lost money on some and made a little on others.

Sparksville.

We are having some real warm weather at this writing. It was for awhile, that the farmers thought that the crops would be a failure, but there has been a great outcome in corn and now it is thought, that there will be seventy-five percent. of a crop of corn made in this section.

Mr. Buel Shives and family, of Illinois, were visiting relatives near this place, a few weeks ago. They reported that every thing was moving along nicely where they lived.

The death angel visited the home of Mr. George Janes and claimed for its victim the loving daughter, Miss Edith. She had been confined to her room for several days with typhoid fever, but last Monday morning real early the summons came. She was fourteen years old. She professed faith in Christ about a year ago and lived a devoted christian until the end came, and then said I am ready to cross over and meet Mama. She leaves a father, one sister and two brothers to mourn their loss. By her life and the testimony she left she is today with her mother, who departed this life a few years ago. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. F. D. Firkin at Rowetown cemetery.

Mr. Ruel Page, who was bitten by a copperhead snake a few weeks ago, is improving fine.

Verna, the little daughter of Mr. Green Murphey, is very low with typhoid fever. Also Holland Wheeler. Garland and Susie Wilson, who have been confined to their room with typhoid fever are able to be up most of the time.

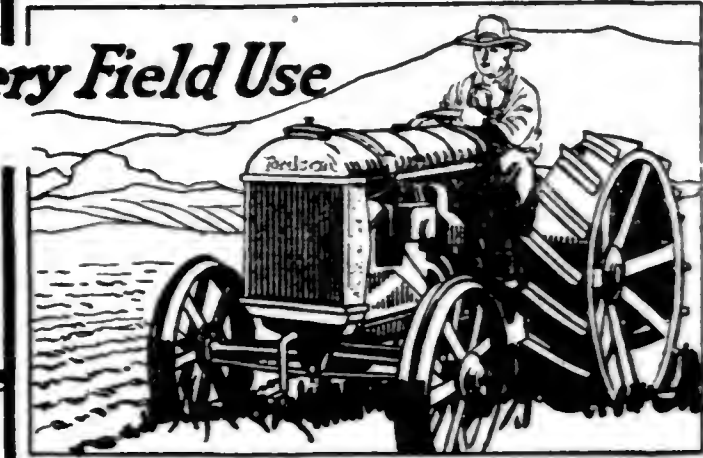
Mr. Embry Page and family left for Texas a few days ago. They were going through in a car. We wish them good luck on their journey.

Our school at Wilson is progressing nicely with Miss Annie Lee Branham as teacher. Every body likes Miss Branham. She is giving perfect satisfaction so far as we have learned.

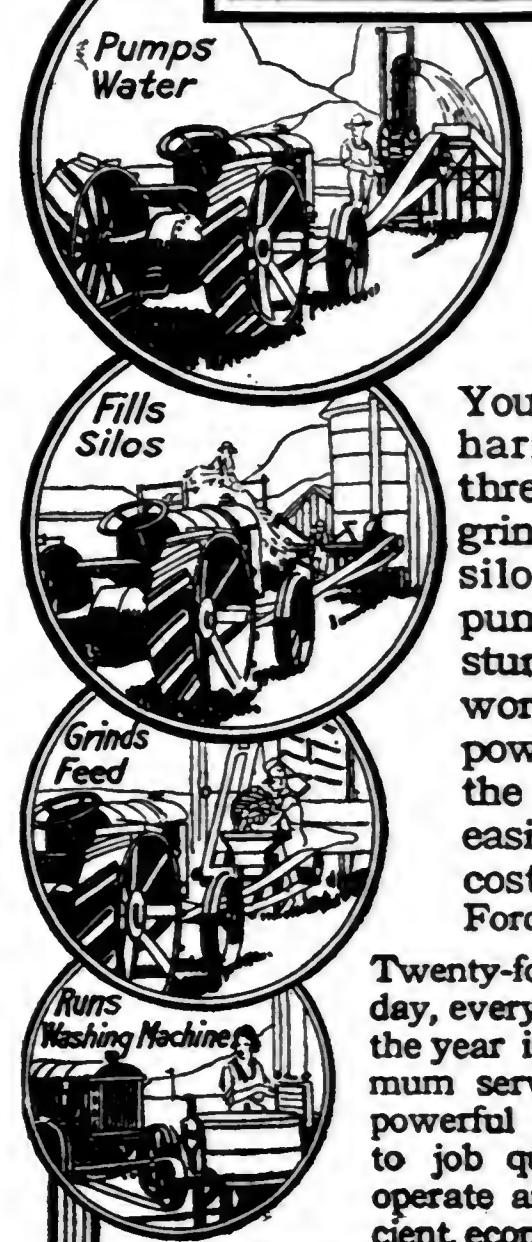
Mr. G. D. Firkin is building

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You can plow, disk, harrow, harvest, thresh, bale hay, grind feed, fill the silo, saw wood, pump water, pull stumps, do road work or any other power job around the farm quicker, easier and at less cost to you with the Fordson Tractor.

Twenty-four hours each day, every working day in the year it will give maximum service. Light but powerful it gets from job to job quickly. Easy to operate and control—efficient, economical and above

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Call, write or phone and ask us about this great Trial Offer. And after the trial, if you decide to buy, you may name practically your own terms.

HERBERT TAYLOR
COLUMBIA, KY.

an addition to his store house, which makes it more convenient for him. It is supposed that he will enlarge his stock of goods. Mr. Firkin is a up-to-date store keeper and salesman.

L. Akin & Son are now prepared to do any kind of cabinet work. Mr. Akin & Son are as good workmen as we have in the county.

There were several went to town last Monday to hear the Bank robber's trial. Also to attend the Fair during the week.

PERSONAL

Ray Fesse returned to his home in Louisville after spending a week with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Fesse.

Miss Opal Garnett left Saturday morning for Paint Lick, Garrard county, where she will teach. Her qualifications are first-class.

Mr. Dowell Hansford, of Liberty, and Miss Ruth Gabberry, formerly of Phil, Casey county, were down to spend two days at the fair. In a few days Miss Gabberry will enter George town College. Mr. Hansford is a bookkeeper in a Liberty Bank.

Miss Catherine Willis, a splendid Adair county teacher, will be occupied with school work in the Crab Orchard High School this year, and left for that point last Saturday.

Dr. O. S. Dunbar, wife and children, of Lebanon, visited here several days during the fair.

Mr. Robt. Young and wife, of Nashville, Tenn., spent the week at the home of Mr. J. H. Young and attended the fair.

Mr. R. J. Lyon, the wideawake representative of Buchanan Lyon Co., was on the grounds every day, talking business.

Mr. W. R. Lyon and his son, Jas., were here and seemed to enjoy the fair.

Dr. W. K. Richardson, Mr. Tim Cravens, wife and little son, Tim, were here to attend the fair, from Tompkinsville.

Mr. J. Gillenwaters and Robt. McCrory, of Tompkinsville, were among the visitors.

W. F. Bouldin and wife, Mr. S. T. Waggoner and wife, Mr. J. H. Ritchey and S. M. Young, were here from Burkesville.

R. H. Turner, Albert Miller and wife and Jas. Miller and wife, Hatcher, were in attendance last Thursday.

Mr. J. T. Gowdy and Mr. Henry Collins were familiar figures at the fair.

Mr. Edwin Hurt, wife and children, Monticello, were over for the week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Myers and their son, Robert Page, Monticello, were here, mingling with relatives and friends.

Hon. C. F. Montgomery, wife and daughter, of Liberty, were down to the big meet.

Mrs. Sarah Jones, of Moody, Texas, is visiting at the home of Mr. A. G. Todd.

Mr. and Mrs. Oma Barbee were here during the week.

Mr. Charles Barbee and wife, of Campbellsville, were here the two last days.

Chief Justice Rollin Hurt made a business trip to Somerset last week.

Mr. Clay Smith arrived from Van Lear, Ky., last Saturday night. His wife had been here several weeks.

Mr. J. E. Coe, of Burkesville, was here the first of last week.

Mr. J. D. Sharp made his regular visit to Columbia Monday of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Curt Bell and daughters of Red Lick were guests of friends during the fair.

Messrs L. E. Benard, Luther Benard, Attorneys W. J. Chumley, R. E. Lloyd, and Dr. W. G. D. Flanagan and quite a bunch of other Russell county citizens were here to attend the Driscoll trial and the fair.

Mr. P. V. Grissom, a former Columbian, now of Little Rock, Ark., spent Fair week with his old Adair county friends. Everybody was glad to see him.

Mrs. W. E. Rowe, who was a daughter of Mr. Lee Johnston, who resides at Little Rock Ark., and a married daughter and the latter's children, are visiting in the county.

Mrs. Jeff Dobson and son, Chaney, Middlesboro, are visiting at the home of Rev. J. L. Murrell.

Mrs. Cartwright, wife of Dr. W. F. Cartwright, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Long, in Louisville.

Miss Mattie Taylor, Middlesboro, is at the home of Mr. E. H. Hughes.

Miss Ruth Hines left Sunday morning for Teno, Va., where she will teach.

Mr. J. F. Montgomery and his son, George, have returned from Texas.

Mr. Strother Hines will teach in the High School, Danville, and will finish in Center this year.

Prof. Crockett, who will teach in the Lindsey-Wilson. Miss Rhodus and the music teacher have arrived.

Dr. Edward Alcorn, of Hustonville, the oldest brother of Mrs. A. Hunn, came down to the fair, and to take a look at Columbia. He was delighted with his visit.

Mrs. Hattie Walker, of Dallas, Texas, is visiting Mrs. Mary Caldwell and Mrs. Emily Burton.

Miss Chloe Combest and Mr. Otho Cumpston, Phil were here for the fair.

Mr. J. H. Mann, wife and children, Glasgow, stopped with Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Montgomery.

Miss Christine Walker of Nell, visited Miss Elizabeth Montgomery.

Mr. H. E. Dalton, of Chicago, Ill., was here Monday, en route for his old home, Creelsboro.

Mr. Asa Loy was here from Georgetown, Ind.

Mr. T. F. Reece was called to the bedside of his sister a few days ago, who was quite sick. She is better at this writing.

Mr. H. M. Holladay, wife and baby, of Burlington, Ky., are visiting relatives in the county.

Mr. T. S. Dowell, who is employed on the News-Journal, Campbellsville, was here last Monday, en route to Russell Springs.

Mr. Joe Winfrey and wife, of Irish Bottom, were visiting relatives here last week and attended the fair.

Mr. J. O. Myers arrived Saturday to spend a few weeks with his wife's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. E. Phelps.

D. E. Phelps and son, Melvin, left for Danville and other points in the bluegrass on a business trip this week.

Mrs. J. J. Simpson, has been quite sick for several weeks, and as we go to press it is reported that there is no change in her condition.

Dr. Hancock, Cane Valley, remains in a critical condition.

Mr. J. H. Robertson, who is Secretary and Treasurer of the Columbia Cotton Mills, Columbia, Tenn., a friend of Mr. J. A. Harris, arrived Saturday night, to spend two days in our midst.

Mrs. Paul VanCleave, wife and daughter of Indianapolis, Mrs. M. S. Shively, of Louisville, and Mrs. W. T. Caplinger of Shelbyville, were visiting their mother, Mrs. D. P. Rice near Cane Valley last week.

Miss Bonnie Judd, who teaches in Bullett county, spent Saturday and Sunday at home.

Eld. F. J. Barger remains a very sick man.

Mrs. J. A. Diddle, of Adairville, is visiting relatives in Columbia and out in the county.

Dr. Jas Taylor, of Edmonton, was here the big day, Thursday, mingling with his many friends.

Mr. R. D. Judd, wife and baby, after a pleasant visit to relatives and friends here, returned to their home Jellico, Tenn., the latter part of last week.

Mr. Clyde Crenshaw and wife, Campbellsville, were here several days during the fair.

Mr. Bowman, father of Mrs. T. C. Davidson, came down from Liberty and spent fair week.

Mr. Jas. Meader, came over from Campbellsville, spending several days.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Wilson and sons, Campbellsville, were among the visitors.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walton, Greensburg, spent two days with Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Barger.

Mr. Walter Hoskins and wife, Campbellsville, were here the latter part of the week.

Mr. M. C. Waggoner, Springfield, was here a few days of the fair. He was accompanied by his wife and one child. Also Mr. E. J. Masden and wife, of Mobile, Ala.

Mr. G. R. Squires, (Rheu) a native of Adair county, and forty years ago, well acquainted with many of her citizens, is back on a visit and will spend ten days conversing with relatives and friends. Evidently he will be happily received in every home.

Eld. W. F. Harmon and wife, two sons, Frank and Nell, of Alerdeen,

Miss, were here last week, attending the fair and visiting relatives. Eld. Harmon is a former citizen of Adair county. He is now pastor of the First Christian Church of his city. It was a great pleasure for him to meet with his old boyhood friends.

Mr. J. F. Logan, Macomb, Ill., has been here for several days, meeting relatives and friends. Mr. Logan owns a farm near Cane Valley, and he is thinking of buying another one, and he says it is probable that he may again return to Adair to live, but should he so decide he could not come until next fall.

Mr. Wm. J. Chumley, Mr. L. G. Benard, Messrs. L. E. Benard, R. E. Licyd, M. B. Falkenburg, E. Mann, J. D. Grider, Cullen Hale, Jas. Oakes Julius Kimble, Rufus Gaskin, J. A. Benard, C. W. Benard, L. A. Lawless, Lee Caldoun, were here last week, some to attend the fair, others to witness the Driscoll trial.

Mr. L. O. Phelps, of Jamestown, went to Campbellsville last week and was examined by the District conference, touching his qualification to preach. He has at all time bourn the reputation of being an honorable high toned man, and doubtless he passed.

Mr. S. F. White and wife, arrived last Wednesday night, from Louisville, and spent the remainder of the week, enjoying the hospitality of relatives and friends. Sam, as he is familiarly called, is an all round newspaper man, and he is a good one. He started into the business under the instructions of the Editor of the News, and he has made good, his services at all times in demand.

Mrs. J. H. Kinnaird, Red Lick, Mr. Ralph Kinnaird, Edmonton, Mrs. Zora Rowe, and Mr. Kinnaird Rowe, Danville, were here and were guests of Mrs. Daisy Hamlett and her son, Mr. Edward Hamlett.

Prof. R. H. Turner, of Hatcher, one of Taylor, county's most successful educators, a teacher in the Campbellsville High School, was over, spending one day at the fair. If the world was made of men who entertain ennobling principles like Robert Turner, it would be much better than at the present.

Misses Elsie and Annie Coy are visiting at the home of their uncle, Mr. J. W. Coy.

Additional Locals.

There will be no services at the Presbyterian church next Sunday.

There will be regular services next Sunday morning at the Christian Church.

Mr. J. R. Tutt is having a large storehouse erected at Milltown. It is near the old site.

Mrs. N. B. Dohoney died at Milltown last Monday night. She was about 82 years old.

Born, to the wife of Leo C. Wright, on the 2nd of September, a son. Parents reside in Louisville.

Mr. Paul Marshall and wife have removed to the residence, on Burkesville street, owned by Mr. Albin Murray.

Look for the announcement next week of the County Convention of the Christian Churches to be held at Milltown.

Hon. Ralph Gilbert, Congressman from the Eighth district, will be in Columbia next Saturday, to meet friends.

Dr. W. F. Cartwright sold a cottage last Friday to Miss Almah Phelps. Dr. says he has four other cottages for sale.

Mr. J. R. Wilson has purchased the Sam Breeding residence, opposite the home of Mr. W. R. Myers. Consideration, private.

Eld. Cay Reece has just closed a very successful meeting at Casey's Fork, Cumberland county. Eight were baptized.

Mr. Ellis Workman and several other enforcement officers were here at the beginning of the fair, and a number of arrests were made. The parties were lodged in jail, but subsequently released on bond.

Ford

THE UNIVERSAL CAR

Another price reduction. The lowest price at which Ford Cars have ever been sold.

The Ford Motor Co., announces the following reduction in prices:

All Prices f. o. b. Detroit.

Touring Car, Plain,	\$355.00.
" " D. R.	380.00.
" " Starter	425.00.
" " Starter & D. R.	450.00.
Runabout, Plain	325.00.
" " D. R.	350.00.
" " Starter	395.00.
" " Starter & D. R.	420.00.
Sedan, Starter & D. R.	660.00.
Coupe, " "	595.00.
Truck,	445.00.
Tractor,	625.00.

Don't delay, place your order at once, to secure prompt delivery. Our allotment is limited.

Our salesmen are now canvassing. Phone or write us and our salesmen will call promptly.

The Buchanan Lyon Co.

INCORPORATED

COLUMBIA, KENTUCKY.

Authorized Ford Agents.

Messrs. T. E. Jeffries and J. L. McLean are the election Commissioners for Adair county, selected last week by the State Board.

It is impossible for us to mention many who were here during the week, but every body was welcome and all seemingly enjoyed the fair.

Elder Kirby Smith, of Cave City will begin a series of revival services at Milltown Saturday evening before the third Sunday in Sept.

Mr. Jesse White has bought a new Ford car, with starter and all other improvements, from the Buchanan Lyon Co. The sale was made by Mr. R. J. Lyon.

The attendance of our readers is called to the large land sale, published elsewhere in this paper. It is the Combest farm, one of the largest and most desirable in Casey county. Read the big sale, as advertised.

Mr. Edwin Hurt, Monticello, exhibited the picture of a petrified man dug out of a coal mine in Wayne county. From the picture you judge that the man died under the ground in prehistoric days, before coal was in use.

Mr. Jo Helton, who was deputy sheriff under Mr. Cortez Sanders, did splendid work at the fair. He was directed to look out for whiskey sellers and he did his work so efficiently that many ladies on the ground complimented him.

Mr. W. C. Van Hoy, who was the Ring Master, was horseback and was on the track in one of the races. A runner struck Mr. Van Hoy's horse, knocking the ringmaster and his horse down, but fortunately neither was seriously hurt.

Jim Davis, of color, who lived here a number of years, who in his prime was one of the best horse trainers in the State, came down, from Salvisa, to meet his old friends. He is a very polite colored man and has many friends among the white population.

There has been no perceptible change in the condition of Dr. N. M. Hancock, Cane Valley, for several days. He is a victim of a malignant

Big Reduction Sale.

Slippers and Pumps Reduced from One-third to One-Half.

Big Stock of Shoes at Bargain Prices.

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Cane Valley, Kentucky.

Lindsey - Wilson Training School

Prepares for College of Life

Courses in High School, Gr-ds.

Music and Expression, Athletics

Rates \$162.00 a Year.

Fall Term Opens Sept. 6, 1921.

R. V. Bennet, Prin. - - Columbia, Ky.



Southern Optical Company
Incorporated

Spectacles, Eyeglasses
Kryptoks,
Artificial Eyes,
Invisible Bifocal Lens

FOURTH and CHESTNUT,
Louisville, Ky.

See Southern Optical Co's. Booth at the State Fair.

trouble, and he is receiving the best treatment. His son, Junius, who was quite ill a few days ago, has very much improved.

Mr. T. A. Firkin's many friends will be glad to know that he has returned from a Louisville infirmary, and that he is very much elated. He went under the knife for gall stone

Res. Phone 13-B. Business Phone 13-A

Dr. J. N. Murrell

—DENTIST—

Office, Front Rooms Jeffries Bldg.

UPSTAIRS.

COLUMBIA, KY

and the operation was very successful. He feels that in a few weeks he will be ready for business.

Gass Given

I am now prepared to give gass for the painless extraction of teeth.

H. W. Depp, Dentist.

The News \$1.50 in Ky.

The CLAN CALL

By Hapsburg Liebe

Illustrations by Irwin Myers

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

Then his voice came over the wire with an almost ominous calm:

"Who besides you has seen this vein, Carlyle? Anybody that knows coal?"

"Yes, my father," Dale answered quickly. "He went over it years ago. Ask him about the coal in David Moreland's mountain. Phone him, and then phone me. I'm waiting at the Blaisdell."

Wheatley agreed a little reluctantly. Dale waited patiently for fifteen minutes. Then the clerk called him to the phone. He took up the receiver with boyish eagerness.

Wheatley began cordially: "Your father tells me it is a good proposition, Carlyle, so I'll let you have all the money you'll need. And if you want a good mining man, I know where you can lay your hands on one; also I can furnish you, at half the original cost, all the necessary machinery and accessories. You didn't know the old Luther-Wheatley company dickered in coal as well as iron, eh? Well, it did. Let me see you at three o'clock this afternoon."

Dale was jubilant. Here was a rare stroke of good fortune. He went to McLaughlin—who had not yet found John Moreland and Ben Littleford—and told him about it. McLaughlin was almost as happy as Dale over it. A bellboy appeared like a jack-in-the-box in the center of the floor. "Mistoh Cahlyle Dale! Mistoh Cahlyle Dale!" Dale wheeled. "Well?"

"Wanted immediately at Doctor Braemer's hospital, huh?"

Dale shook hands with McLaughlin and hurried toward the street.

A few minutes later Doctor Braemer met him in the reception room.

"What's wrong, doctor?"

The surgeon beckoned. "Come with me."

He turned and led the way through a long corridor and to a sunny white room where Babe Littleford lay with a bandage about her temples. Ben Littleford was on his knees at his daughter's bedside; he was slowly wringing his big, rough hands and begging piteously to be forgiven.

Babe stared at him a trifle coldly. She had not yet seen the two men who stood in the doorway. Then she interrupted her father:

"You hush, pap, and go away. I'd told ye a hundred times about fightin' a-bein' murder, and 'specially to us wimmenfolks, and you never would pay any 'tention to me. You hush, pap, and go away. Ef I die, I'll jest haf to die. And ef I die, I shure do want to die in peace. Go way, pap."

"But ye must live, Babe, honey!" Ben Littleford moaned. "Ef you was to die, what'd I do?"

"I don't know what ye'd do, pap," Babe said weakly. "You ought to thought of that afore, pap. It may be too late now. I want ye to go on off an' ef I die, I want to die in peace. Lord knows I never ef I die, I want to die in peace."

"Worried look in her eyes, and the doctor made forward decisively toward Littleford to his feet. The doctor wiped away a tear with his handkerchief, and hung his head. He had been made a broken man in one day.

"Go out to your friend Moreland," smiled the doctor, "and wait there for a little while."

Babe's father walked unsteadily out of the room. Dale went to Doctor Braemer and whispered, "Isn't she going to make it?" anxiously.

"Certainly she's going to make it," Braemer assured him. "Go on; she wants to see you."

Dale drew a chair up close to the white bed and sat down. Babe's eyes lighted at once, and she put a hand uncertainly toward him. Dale took the hand in his. He saw that it was a little pale under its delicate sunburn. "Glad to see you, Babe," he told her softly. "Why do you think you're going to die, Babe?"

She smiled at him. "Why, I don't think I'm a-goin' to die," she said. "I know I'm a-goin' to live, Bill Dale. I feel like I could walk fifty miles right now!"

"But I heard you tell your father—" "I was a-tryin' to skeer him out o' fightin' any more," she interrupted. "And I believe I 'bout done it, don't you?"

Dale was relieved. "I do. Is there anything you want, Babe? If there is, I'll get it for you if it's in the universe."

"The universe?" she repeated inquiringly. "What's the universe, Bill Dale? Somethin' to eat?"

"The world, the sun, the moon, and the stars."

She smiled at him again. "No," she said, "the ain't nothin' I want, and ain't nothin' ye can do fo' me, I reckon."

"But I thought, as they sent for me—"

Babe Littleford's fingers held tightly to his. "It was me that sent fo' you."



"I Was a-Tryin' to Skeer Him Out o' Fightin' Any More," She Interrupted.

She turned her face the other way. "I was so lonesome, Bill Dale!"

Robert McLaughlin's wife, Patricia, visited Babe twice daily, and a friendship that was none the less warm for being unique sprang up quickly between them. Patricia declared to her husband that she was going to keep Babe—whom she was already calling by her proper name, the same being Elizabeth—and educate her. There was room in the bungalow, Patricia said; and she really needed company, because Bobby was away so much.

Babe accepted little Mrs. McLaughlin's offer as soon as Bill Dale convinced her that she wouldn't be merely an object of charity. The hill pride's first law is that one must pay for what he gets—and it's probably the first law God laid down for old Adam in Eden. Ben Littleford seemed bewildered and blue when they told him of the arrangement, but he voiced no objection. Dale pressed upon him a loan of a hundred dollars, and ordered him to give it to his daughter, of course, would need new clothing.

"I ain't even got any dresses at home," she whispered to Patricia, "but two."

Bill Dale was sure now that he loved Babe, and he was almost sure that she cared for him. But he was quite properly in no haste to come to an understanding. He had known all along that Babe would have to be educated; and a woman's tastes, he reasoned, might change with education. And he wanted her to have the opportunity of knowing other men of his class. If she couldn't love him with a lasting love, he didn't want her to love him at all.

Oddly or not, he never thought of Jimmy Fayne.

CHAPTER VIII.

Major Bradley and Henderson Goff.

When Bill Dale, the expert mining man Hayes and the two mountaineers stepped from a short passenger train at the Halfway switch, they were approached by the moonshiner, Heck, and a man whom Dale had never seen before. He was tall, and his bearing was erect and soldierlike, though he was every day of sixty years old. His eyes were blue and twinkling with everlasting good humor; his gray mustaches and imperial were exceedingly well cared for; his teeth were his own, and as white as a school girl's, and they bore out his general air of neatness. He was, plainly, a Southerner of the old type.

"Who's that?" whispered Dale to John Moreland.

But Moreland didn't hear. He ran forward with his right hand outstretched, and so did Ben Littleford. Men could not have greeted a brother with more gladness, Dale thought.

"Hi, thar, Major Bradley!" the hillman cried. "And how d'ye come on today?"

"I am very well, gentlemen, thank you," said the major, smiling.

He shook their hands heartily. The trainmen gave us your message yesterday," he went on, still smiling, "and we were delighted to learn that the young woman was out of danger. I trust you are all in good health, gentlemen."

They assured him that they were. Moreland turned to introduce Bill Dale and the mining man. From the moment that Major Bradley gripped Dale's hand they were friends.

"Mighty glad to know you, sir!" exclaimed the old lawyer. "I've been hearing a great deal about you, sir, over in the valley of the Doe. They seem to think there's nobody just like Bill Dale! It was Bill Dale this, and Bill Dale that; it was 'Here's where Bill Dale whipped Black Adam,' or, 'Here's where Bill Dale was standing when such-and-such happened,' or, 'Here's where Bill Dale crossed the fence!'"

"Hah-hah-hah!" sluggishly laughed By Heck, who stood leaning on the muzzle of his rifle. "Bill Dale is all right, major; ye've shore got my word fo' that."

The others laughed. Then John Moreland said they'd better be moving, or they'd be late for dinner.

When they had put a hundred yards of David Moreland's mountain behind them, the old Southerner tugged slyly at Dale's sleeve and whispered:

"Let us fall behind a little, if you please. I want to speak with you privately."

They began to lag, and soon there was a distance of several rods between them and the others.

"I heard through Addie Moreland," began Bradley, his friendly hand on the younger man's arm, "about you and what you're planning to do for the Morelands. I tell you, sir, I thanked heaven for your coming, and you may count on me to help in any way I can. The Morelands are quite friendly to me now, though up to the middle of last summer they didn't like me any too well because I made Ben Littleford's cabin my home when out here."

"It was a simple thing that brought us together. John Moreland's little nephew was lost in the woods and his mother was frantic. There are painters, you know, and wildcats, rattlers, and copperheads. I was fortunate enough to find the boy, and carried him home. That was all. They're a fine people, my boy, and so are the Littlefords. Good old English blood that somehow wandered off. There's no purer, cleaner blood in America, sir."

"And now—how are you getting along with your plans for the operation of the coal mine?"

"Excellently," answered Dale. "We have the necessary finance; a geared locomotive and cars and light steel rails have been bargained for."

"Good!" Bradley gave Dale a hearty slap on the shoulder.

"There's something else I wanted to say, Mr. Dale," he continued, his voice grave. "You're nearly certain to have a barrel of trouble with a shyster coal man named Henderson Goff. He's a villain, sir, if ever there was one! And he's quite the smoothest article I've ever seen. He can make you believe his lies, if only you'll listen to him long enough."

"Is he—has he been here recently?" Dale wanted to know.

"He's here now," answered the major. "He's been here for three days, and he's been working devilment fast. He was up here last summer, trying to buy the Moreland coal for a song; he knows all the people, you see. As soon as he landed here on this present trip, he found out about your intentions. Then, at night, he freed Adam Ball from his tobacco barn prison, and went home with him."

"Well, By Heck followed them and did some eavesdropping—poor By has his strong points!" the major went on. "Goff learned that Adam Ball's father knew about the coal vein long before David Moreland discovered it and got lawful possession of the mountain. Then Goff made the Balls believe that they were due a big share of the proceeds of the Moreland coal! It wasn't very hard to do, I guess. The Balls, this set, at least, were originally lowlanders; they took to the mountains, I understand, to keep from being forced to fight during the Civil war."

"Goff's idea," muttered Dale, "is to get the Balls to scare me into selling instead of developing, eh?"

"Exactly," nodded old Bradley. "Then he would settle with the Balls by giving them a dollar or two a day for digging coal; perhaps he would put them off until the mine was worked out for half of that, and then skip. Anyway, Goff would come out at the big end."

"I see," said Dale.

"If there's anything that I can do, at any time, you won't hesitate to let me know?" said the major.

"You may consider yourself attorney and legal adviser for the Moreland Coal company, of which I have the honor to be general manager," smiled Dale, "if you will."

Major Bradley's voice came happily. "My dear boy, I am glad to accept! And there shall be no charge for any service that I may render."

They were not long in reaching the green valley, which lay very beautiful and very peaceful in the warm light of the early July sun. The soft murmuring of the crystal river and the low, slow tinkling of the cowbells made music that was sweet and pleasing.

Suddenly John Moreland stopped, uttered a swearword under his breath, turned and went back to Dale.

"There's a man a-waitin' on us ahead thar, Bill," he drawled, "at ye shore want to watch like a hawk to keep him from a-stealin' the eyeteeth out o' yore head. His name is Henderson Goff, and he wants coal."

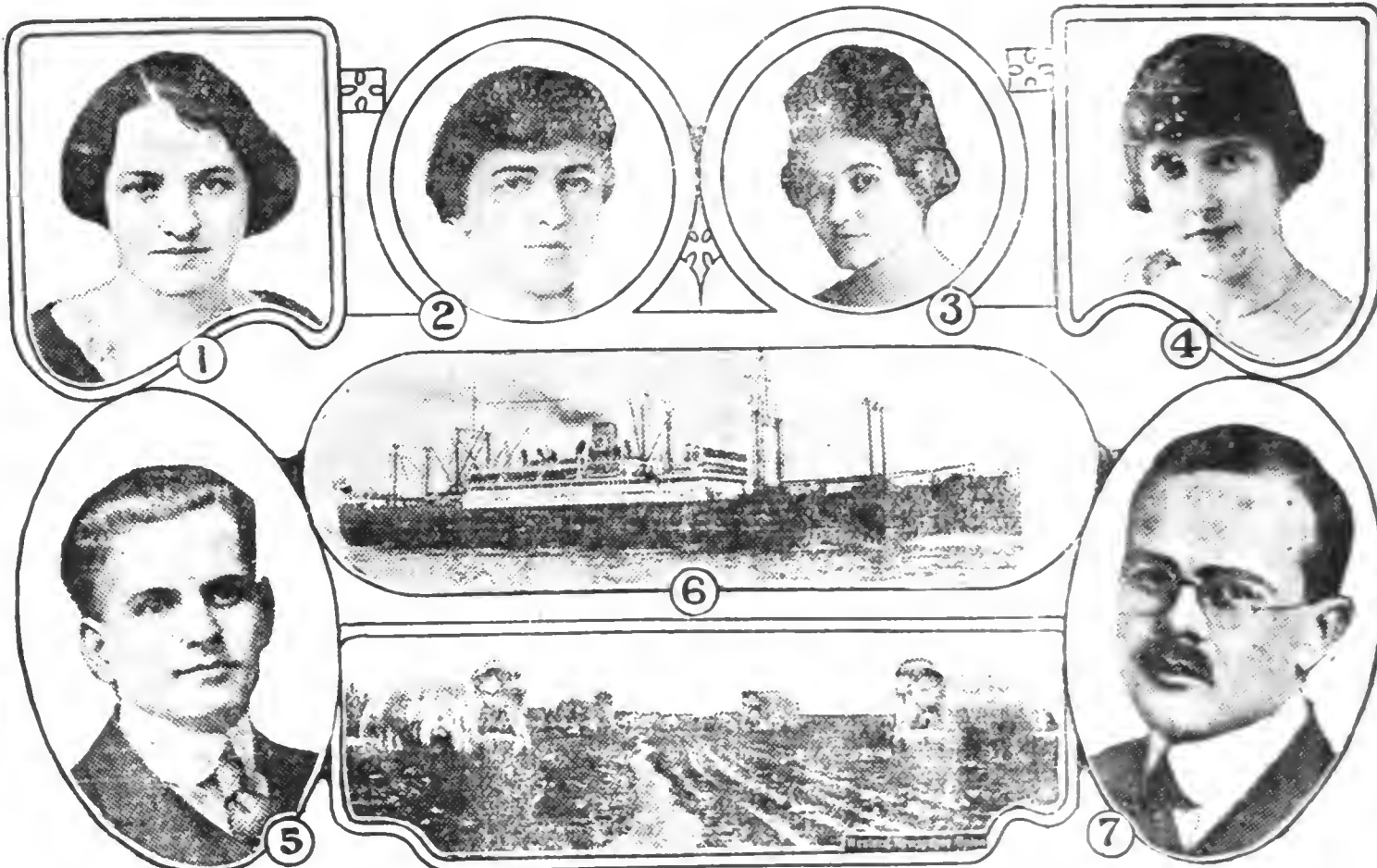
They went on. Soon they met a man who, in clothing and manner, made Dale think of stories he had heard and read of Mississippi river steamboat gamblers of the long ago. His eyes were black, and as keen as a pair of spear-points; his mustaches, too, were black, and they had sharp, upturned ends like those of a Memphis. The major had said that he was a smooth article; he certainly looked it.

He met John Moreland with an oily smile and thrust out his hand. But Moreland wouldn't see the hand.

"Anything ye've got to say about coal," he growled, "ye can say to Bill Dale thar," pointing with a calloused thumb. "Bill he's the high light o' the whole business; and when he opens his mouth, ye can cock yore head to one side and listen fo' gawp."

Goff was delighted to meet Mr. Dale, of whom he had already heard. Dale had nothing whatever to say. They walked on toward the cabin of the Moreland chief, with Goff keeping up a running fire of talk concerning the

Six Kentuckians Go As Missionaries To China, Japan and South America



(1) Mrs. Ulin W. Leavell, Paris, education work in Wuchow, China; (2) Mrs. L. M. Smith, Louisville, medical work, Kweilin, South China; (3) Mrs. L. M. Smith, Louisville, medical work, Kweilin, South China; (4) Mrs. George E. Goodman, Henderson, agricultural and industrial work, Matto Grosso, Brazil; (5) J. Griffin Chapman, Dr. Kidge, educational work in Japan; (6) The Hawkeye State, of the Admiral Line, which sailed from Seattle, Saturday, August 27, carrying the new missionaries to China and Japan; (7) Dr. Edwin D. Smith, Louisville, medical work, Kweilin, South China.

From the larger proceeds of the Baptist 75 Million Campaign the Foreign Mission Board of the Southern Baptist Convention has been enabled to send out more than 160 new missionaries since that movement was launched, it is announced, and of that number sixty young men and women, representing fourteen states, have just sailed for China, Japan, Africa, Brazil, Argentina and Chile. In addition to these, Dr. and Mrs. Everett Gill of Kansas City will sail September 14 to become representatives of the Board in Europe, while Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Hamlett of Austin, Texas, have just sailed for Jerusalem, where they will maintain headquarters in acting as the Near East representatives of the Board.

The new missionaries to China and Japan sailed from Seattle, Saturday, August 27, on the Hawkeye State of the Admiral Line, while those for Brazil, Argentina, Chile and Africa sailed from New York on the Aeolus August 17. They will be engaged chiefly in evangelistic, educational, medical and agricultural work and will be stationed at various points in these fields. While a large number of new workers have been sent out by the Board since the beginning of the Campaign, at least 100 other capable young men and women could be employed to advantage if they were available, Secretary J. F. Love advises.

Mission Money Gets Results.
Of the more than \$25,000,000 that has been collected in cash on the 75 Million Campaign to date, about \$5,000,000 has gone to foreign missions. This has made it possible not only to strengthen the old work on all fields and employ a large number of new

missionaries, but to do much other work, including building or making substantial additions to 15 boys' schools, 17 girls' schools, 27 mission residences, five hospitals, and dispensaries, four that are power plants for mission compounds, 26 church buildings, four colleges, seven theological seminaries. In addition, assistance has been given seven church building loan associations, six new stations have been opened and equipped, land has been bought for the enlargement of several mission compounds, a home for orphans in Italy has been established, and a block of ground has been purchased in the heart of Rome for headquarters for the work in Italy, a theological seminary, publishing house, church and mission residence being provided on this property.

Enlarge European Field.
As a result of the Campaign, Southern Baptists have been enabled to greatly enlarge their work in Europe. They have carried on mission work in Italy since 1870, but now they have opened up new work in Jugoslavia, Hungary and Roumania, and have made a beginning, through the distribution of Bibles, in the Ukraine and Southern Russia and Siberia. To act as the European representatives of the Board in this enlarged program, Dr. and Mrs. Everett Gill of Kansas City were recently named. They will probably make their headquarters in Switzerland.

The first work Southern Baptists have ever done looking to the evangelization of Mohammedan lands has just been undertaken in Palestine and Syria, and Dr. and Mrs. W. A. Hamlett of Austin, Texas, have gone to Jerusalem, where they will superintend

the work of the native evangelists. It is planned to establish a church, theological seminary and college, hospital and orphanage at Jerusalem as soon as practicable and thus seek to reach other points in Palestine and Syria from this center.

Minister to 900,000,000 People.

With the enlarged foreign mission program of Southern Baptists that denomination is now operating in 13 countries on every side of the globe, and has in its employ practically 500 foreign missionaries and twice that number of native workers trained in the mission schools. Through its present missionary operations the Board is seeking to minister to 475,000,000 yellow people, 4,000,000 brown people, 200,000,000 black people and 225,000,000 white people, making a total of 900,000,000 people, or more than half the population of the globe. Numbered among its workers already on the field are 21 foreign physicians and 8 foreign mission nurses who last year gave 154,970 treatments. There are now 611 mission churches on the foreign fields and of this number 184 are self-supporting. The average contributions of these mission churches last year to denominational causes was \$5 per member, the Christians on the foreign fields responding more liberally as a result of the 75 Million Campaign.

The new missionaries sailing at this time were contributed by the following states: Alabama two, Arkansas one, Georgia five, Kentucky six, Louisiana two, Mississippi four, Missouri four, North Carolina three, South Carolina five, Tennessee five, Texas fifteen, Virginia six, Iowa one and Pennsylvania one.

scenery, "the climate—anything but coal."

At John Moreland's gate, Goff nudged Dale with an elbow and whispered:

"Meet me at one o'clock down there where the big sycamore lies across the river. I've got something to tell you that will interest you."

He didn't wait for a reply, but turned away with By Heck. He went to the home of the Hecks ostensibly to have his fortune told—really, to eat his dinner. The old woman didn't like him, but her inborn spirit of hospitality wouldn't permit her to refuse him a meal. She felt that she was almost even with him when, after shuffling and reading the cards, she told him that it would be wise for him to look out for a big, tall, gray-eyed young man with an oak tree in one hand and a couple of cliffs in the other.

Dale told Major Bradley and John Moreland of that which Goff had said to him at the gate. The major suggested forthwith that he go to meet the man; it couldn't possibly do any harm, and there was a chance that he would learn something of Goff's intentions.

So Dale went. Goff was already there, waiting. He was sitting on a stone on the Moreland side of the river, whittling idly. When he saw Dale approaching, he smiled and nodded, rose and pocketed his knife.

"I want to make you an offer for that coal," he said at once. "All right," Dale replied. "If your offer is big enough, it will be considered. But no shyster price is going to get that coal, Goff."

Goff frowned uneasily. "You don't know coal, Mr. Dale. You don't know the business of mining—or I've got you sized up wrong. Thousands of men have gone busted trying to do things they weren't used to doing. There's a big chance, too, that the coal isn't what it looks to be on the surface. You'd better take a sure thing, and avoid a possibility of

loss. I'll give you five thousand, spot cash, for that coal."

Dale shook his head. "You'll have to come heavier than that, y'know, if you get the Moreland coal."

"And an extra thousand for your self!"

Dale laughed a low, queer laugh. "You amuse me, Goff," said he. "Seems to me you've missed your calling in life. What a peach of a king-villain you'd make in melodrama! You wouldn't have to act, either; you'd have to be just your natural self. And you make me mad, too, Goff. Because I'm on the square with the Morelands and everybody else—now, get that!"

The corners of the shyster coal man's mouth came down.

"Oh, hosh—don't pass me that virtue stuff. Every man has his price, high or low. You've got yours, and I've got mine. I'll give you five thousand, spot cash, if you'll persuade John Moreland to sell to me for five thousand, and nobody'll ever know you got a rakedown from me. It's all the coal is worth, that ten thousand. Well, yes?"

Dale was of the type that goes pale with anger, and he was pale now. He clenched his hands.

"You can't insult me like that and get away with it, Goff," he clipped. "We're going to fight, Goff, and I'm going to put a licking on you that fifteen horses can't pull off. Get me?"

He threw aside his coat and rolled his sleeves to his elbows. Henderson Goff ran his right hand quickly to a rear trouser pocket and brought back a stub-nosed automatic pistol, which he turned threateningly toward Bill Dale.

"Go easy, friend," Goff said very complacently. "There's no use in getting sore. I want the coal, that's all. If I can't get it by fair means, I'll get it in another way. Oh, I don't mind telling you; one man's oath is as good in court as another man's. If you don't take me up at ten thousand,

I'll give you so much trouble that you'll be glad to sell it to me later for half that amount. The Balls think they own a big interest in that coal! There's a lot of them, too, and they can keep you from working the mine. Well, I can't waste time in dickering with you. What do you say?"

"I say," and Dale smiled an odd little smile, "that your plan appears to be perfect, except that you've overlooked one or two important details. For instance, there's the law, y'know."

"The law—now don't go and fool yourself!" exclaimed Goff. "The state couldn't afford to keep a hundred men here, month in and month out, just to protect your little mine. My patience is about gone, Dale—for the last time, what do you say?"

"I say that I'll beat you at any game you put up against me," very quietly. "Furthermore, I say that you are a coward and a scoundrel, and that you haven't got the insides in you to fight me a fair man's fight. If you'll only pocket that thing you've got in your hand, I'll mow down half an acre of meadow bush with your body."

The other turned red, then white, then red again. Bill Dale's words had lashed him keenly. His eyes became like hard black beads, and he began to raise the wicked-looking pistol as though he meant to fire.

Then there was the sound of a breaking twig behind him, and a voice drawled out:

"Drop it, Mister—drop the funny little gun, or the middle of Tarment is yore pot'ion right now!"

It was the moonshiner, By Heck, and his rifle was leveled. Goff dropped the pistol. Heck grinned, advanced slowly, took up the weapon that the hillfolk call a "coward's gun" and tossed it into the river.

"Now git—cut the mustard—light a rag away from here," he ordered, "afore I let Bill Dale loose on ye!"

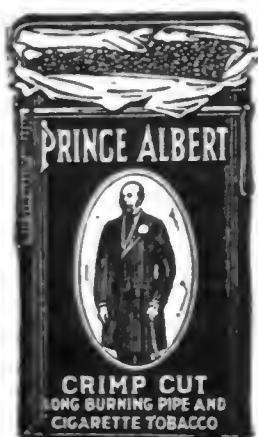
Goff went away rapidly.

"I wonder if you heard him say anything that would make you valu-



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 - Adair County Fair, Columbia, August 30-Sept. 2.
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 - Pennyroyal Fair, Hopkinsville, August 30-Sept. 2.
 - Knox County Fair, Barbourville, August 30-Sept. 2.
 - North Kentucky Fair, Florence, August 3.
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7]



And He Began to Raise the Wicked. Looking Pictorial As Though He Meant to Fire.

able as a witness," muttered Dale, "in the event we want to have him arrested."

"I heard you tell him 'at he was afraid to fight ye a fair man's fight, and 'at he'd pocket that thing he held in his hand ye'd mow down twenty acres of meadow bush with his low-down body—that'd be vallyable in co'te wouldn't it?"

Dale smiled. Then he frowned.

CHAPTER IX.

A Signal Victory.

The mining man Hayes, the major and John Moreland were waiting at the gate when Dale, accompanied by the moonshiner, returned to the cabin. Dale was the first to speak. He told briefly of that which had taken place at the blown-down sycamore, and at the last of it By Heck straightened proudly.

"I be daddimmed if I hadn't ha' pumped him so full o' lead 'at the' couldn't enough o' men got around him to tote off his corpse, ef he hadn't ha' drapped the coward's gun." By Heck declared as fiercely as he could. "Cause maw she seed in the cup 'at Bill Dale was a-goin' to be a right pa'tickler friend o' mine, I god, and I has a habit o' takin' keer o' my friends. Now thar was my Uncle Bill, him what could jump a sixteen-rail fence—"

"It was a nine-rail fence, By," impatiently cut in John Moreland. "You've done told that so much 'at it's dang high wore out. Sposen ye go back thar to the orchard ahind o' the house and see what Cale and Luke's a-doin'; hey, By?"

Heck nodded and went toward the orchard. He knew they didn't want him to overhear what they were going to say, but it didn't offend him. It wasn't easy to offend the good-natured Heck.

Moreland turned to Dale. "Well?" Dale turned to Hayes. "We're going to begin the building of the little railroad at the earliest possible moment. And because I don't know anything about the work, I'm going to ask you to take the lead. Now, there may be some fighting. I don't want you to go into this thing blindly, you see. If you're going to withdraw, do it now."

"I'm not a stranger to fighting," Hayes replied smilingly. "I've been through half a dozen coal strikes. I think you may count on me, Mr. Dale."

"Then lay out a plan for immediate action."

"I'd suggest," acquiesced Hayes, "that we send to the little town in the lowland for a supply of picks and shovels, axes and saws, hammers, drills, and explosives. In the meantime, you and I can stake out the way for the track."

It sounded businesslike, Dale thought.

Within the hour John Moreland and his son Caleb started for Cartersville on foot, and in the older man's pocket was money sufficient to buy the things that were needed.

Dale and Hayes set out for the north end of David Moreland's mountain, and each of them carried a hand-ax for making stakes.

It was not often that the quiet Hayes permitted himself to go into raptures over anything; however, he went into raptures over the Moreland coal. It was, he declared, one of the best propositions he had ever seen. It was no wonder that Henderson Goff was determined to get possession of it, he said.

Then they went to work.

By sundown two days later they had chosen the route for the narrow-gauge railroad and set stakes accordingly. Hayes told his general manager that with a good force of men the last rail could be put down within two months.

During those two days they had several times seen Henderson Goff in company with Black Adam Ball and some of his relatives. Once they had come upon Goff talking earnestly with Saul Littleford, the big, bearded, gaunt brother of the Littleford chief. Hayes reminded Dale of this, and said to him further:

"Goff will have the Littlefords on his side the first thing you know! Maybe some of the Littlefords, as well as some of the Balls, knew about this

coal before David Moreland got his mountain by state's grant at a few cents per acre. If you'll take my advice, Mr. Dale, you'll make friends of these two sets just as quick as you can."

Dale thrust his hand-ax inside his belt and turned to the mining expert. "D'you know, I was thinking of that same thing when you spoke," he replied. "And I believe I can manage it, now that Miss Littleford's accidental wounding has given the old foid such a big blow. I'm fairly sure I can manage it so far as Ben Littleford is concerned; it's John that's going to be hard to bring to taw. He should be home this evening, if he's had good luck, and I'll tackle him as soon as he comes."

Together they started across David Moreland's mountain, walking rapidly, with Dale leading.

Darkness came down on them when they had covered half the distance. The great hemlocks and poplars loomed spectral and gaunt in the early starlight. The thickest impenetrable thickets of laurel and ivy whispered uncanny things, and their seas of pink and snowy bloom looked somehow ghostly. Now and then there was the pattering of some little animal's feet on the dry, hard leaves of bygone years. A solitary brown owl poured out its heart in weird and melancholy cries to the night it loved. There was the faint, far-off baying of a hound, and the soft swish of a nighthawk's wings.

Men from the core of civilization must feel these things of the wilderness.

Suddenly Dale drew back and stood still. In the trail ahead, standing as motionless as the trees about him, was the tall figure of a man. It was almost as though he were there to bar the way.

The two went on slowly. The figure didn't move. Dale spoke, and the form came to life. It was By Heck; he was leaning on the muzzle of his rifle.

"It's you, is it, Bill, old boy?" he yawned slyly. "I was a-waitin' here fo' you. I reckon I must ha' went to sleep a-standin' here on my feet! I've got news, Bill."

"Out with it."

"I've been a-trailin' Henderson Goff all day," Heck said in guarded tones. "He's shore got them lowdown Balls to believin' they're already millionaires."

"I knew that," said Dale. "That's not news."

"But that ain't all," By Heck went on. "Goff's got Saul Littleford, too—lock, stock, bar'l and sights. He owns Saul jest the same as I own my old spotted 'coon dawg Dime. Saul he gits him a job a-bein' mine boss, and what other Littlefords 'at will stick gits jobs a-diggin' the black d'mont at two dollars a day. Asides, all o' 'em is to have a big lot o' money when the dividin'-up time comes, says Goff."

"Much obliged to you, By," Dale acknowledged. "Let's go; 'bout face, By! I'm goin' to tie a hard knot in that villainous game of Henderson Goff's."

They reached John Moreland's cabin less than an hour later. Moreland and his son had just returned from Cartersville, and Dale learned through Hayes that the two hillmen had shown good judgment and some business sense in making their purchases.

When the evening meal was over Dale drew John Moreland out to the cabin yard, where the many old-fashioned towers made the night air sweet with their blended odors. For a moment Dale stood looking toward the very bright stars and thinking; then he told the big man at his side of Goff's plan concerning the Littlefords, and strongly urged the making of friendship between the two clans.

"The snake!" mumbled John Moreland.

He appeared to be worried about it. He folded his arms, walked to the gate and back to Dale without uttering another word. It was hard for him to throw down completely the hatred of years upon years. That it been any other person than Bill Dale, a fighter after his own heart, who had asked it, he never would have even considered it; he would have said quickly: "We'll thrash the Balls and the Littlefords, too!"

The younger man read something of the other's thoughts.

"With the help of the law," said he, "we might whip them all. But it would mean a great deal of bloodshed at best. The Littlefords are Babe's people, y'know. I like Babe. You



"The Snake!" Mumbled John Moreland.

like her, too, or you never would have gone with her to the hospital—now don't you?"

"I reckon I can't deny," the Moreland leader muttered, "at I like Babe Littleford. She ain't like none o' the rest o' 'em, Bill."

Dale went on:

"All there is to do to enlist the Littlefords on our side is this: you go to old Ben and say to him: 'Let's begin anew; let's be friends, your people and my people, you and me.' He'll be glad you did it. Then it will be easy sailing for us. The Balls never would dare to attack such a force as the Morelands and the Littlefords combined. Don't you see? I admit it will be something of a sacrifice on your part. But a man like you can make sacrifices. Any man who is big enough to go down on his knees and ask the blessing of the Almighty on his enemies is big enough to make sacrifice. Come—let's go over and see Ben Littleford now; won't you?"

The mountaineer didn't answer. "You won't throttle the cause born in David Moreland's good heart on account of a little personal pride—I know you won't," Dale said earnestly. Moreland straightened.

"You mean well," he said slowly. "I think you're one of the very best men in the world, Bill Dale. You often make me think o' pore David himself. But I'm afraid ye don't quite understand, Bill. I've seed my own son Ben from a Littleford's bullet. To go and offer to be friends with a man who might be the same one 'at killed my boy is a awful hard thing to do. I'm afraid ye don't quite understand."

"It was a terrible thing, I know," said Dale. "But it was the fortunes of war. The Littlefords have endured the fortunes of war in exactly the same way. Come with me; let's go. I need your help; I can do very little without your help. Come, John Moreland!"

The hillman replied slowly: "Well, I'll go with ye over thar. But Ben he'll haf to make the fast break at a-bear friends, 'cause I'm purty shore I never will. As soon as I git my hat, Bill."

He went to the front porch and took from a chairpost his broad-rimmed headgear. Then the two set out.

They crossed an ox-wagon road, a sweet-scented meadow, the river by means of the blown-down sycamore, another sweet-scented meadow and another ox-wagon road, and entered the cabin yard of the Littleford chief. Here, too, many old-fashioned flowers were in bloom; a cane fishingpole, slender and white, leaned against the porch; it made Dale think of Babe.

"You wait out here," whispered Dale, with a hand on his companion's arm. "I'll go in and see if I can persuade Littleford to make the advance. I'm pretty sure I can."

He started forward when a hound rose from the stone step and growled warningly. At that Dale halted and sang out:

"Hello, Ben!"

The front door swung open, creaking on wooden hinges, and Babe's father, bareheaded and with a lamp in his hand, appeared in the doorway. He knew the voice that had summoned him.

"Come right in, Mr. Dale," he invited with the utmost cordiality. "Come right in!"

He scolded the dog away, and Dale entered the primitive home. He was shown into the best room, where he dropped easily into a roomy old rocker that was lined with an untanned sheepskin. Ben Littleford put the lamp on a crude table, drew up another chair, and sat down facing his visitor.

"I hope ye didn't jest happened over fo' a minute or two on business," he drawled; "I hope ye've come to spend the night w' me, anyway."

"I'm here in the interests of peace," Dale began, looking at the hillman squarely. "I want you Littlefords to be on good terms with your neighbors, the Morelands. John is out there at your gate now; he is waiting for you to ask him in and say to him: 'Let's begin anew; let's be friends, your people and my people, you and me.' You want that, don't you, Ben? Babe did, I'm sure."

Littleford frowned, heeled his big fingers together and twirled his big thumbs. Now that he was once more at home, with assurance that his daughter would entirely recover, he was no longer weak; he had all his old courage and all his old, stubborn hill pride back.

"I'll ax John in," he finally decided, "but I 'at to make the fast break at a-bear friends. Me axin' him into my house is a purty durned good start toward friendship, ain't it?"

He arose, took up the lamp, walked to the front door and opened it, and called into the night:

"Won't ye come in, John?"

"I reckon I will, Ben," was the lazy answer. "Fo' a minute, anyhow. But I reckon I can't stay long."

Moreland followed Littleford into the best room, Littleford put the lamp beside the worn leather-bound Bible on the table, and they sat down. They looked steadily at each other, and Dale saw plainly that both were ill at ease. Surely, thought Moreland, he had done a great deal when he had come into his old enemy's house. Surely, thought Littleford, he had done a great deal when he had asked John Moreland into his home.

TO BE CONTINUED

You have noticed, of course, that as a rule the most pleasing conversationalist is the one who is the best listener.

Resolutions of Respect by Shiloh Sunday School.

Whereas, our Heavenly Father has called from our School our beloved brother, Bro. Joe H. Barger, who departed this life August 16th, 1921, and while we as members of this Sunday school are deeply grieved yet, we humbly submit to the will of him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That, in the death of Bro. Barger, Shiloh Sunday School has lost a valued member, his wife a devoted husband, his children an affectionate father, the community a useful citizen.

Resolved, That, we extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That, we send up our united petitions to the all-wise Father, that he will cause his mantle to fall on another, who will take up the work and carry it on as faithfully as he did.

Resolved, That, a copy of these resolutions be entered in the Secretary's book and a copy furnished the bereaved family.

R. B. Reeves
T. E. Young
Albert Bryant
Committee.
Farm Taxation.

The report comes from Frankfort that the State Tax Commission proposes to resist the movement started by the Farm Bureau to reduce the assessment of farm lands.

The Tax Commission has taken a most unfortunate time to raise the assessment on farm lands ten per cent. over what they were assessed last year. Farmers have been paying more than double the taxes that they paid a few years ago, due to the increase of their assessment (at least that is true in Hardin county.) Now when all farmers have lost money and their land is selling from twenty-five to fifty per cent. lower than two years ago it is an outrage to increase their assessment ten per cent.

The State collected enough money to pay all of its expenses and to pay a considerable amount of the outstanding debt. In the face of this fact it is an outrage for the farming industry to have to pay more taxes for the 1921 levy. This additional valuation at this time is wholly unnecessary and the expenses of operating the State government had better be reduced than to increase the burdens upon a class of people who are almost facing bankruptcy and whose property has materially declined in value since the assessment of last year.

The Constitution provides that all property of the same class shall be taxed alike. This is not being done as coal lands, according to their real value, are not taxed one-third as high as farm lands, while the coal lands are profitable while farming lands are not. If the State will not reduce expenses and must pay off a certain part of the outstanding warrants why not increase the assessment of coal lands and let the farm lands alone?

No wonder the farmers are up in arms about this action of the State Tax Commission. They should resist this additional burden to the very limit and if nec-

essary take the matter to the Court of Appeals. If they fail they have the ballot box and there will soon be another election.—Elizabethtown News.

E. G. Wilmer, new president of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., left Akron, Ohio this week for his first "swing around the Goodyear circle." Accompanied by P. W. Litchfield, vice president and factory manager, he will visit the branch factories in Toronto Canada and Los Angeles Cal. and the company's 40,000 acre cotton plantation near Phoenix Ariz. L. C. Rockhill, general sales manager and W. S. W. Wolfe in charge of experimental and development work will join the party at Los Angeles.

Road Controversy In Kentucky.

There is quite a road controversy going on as to whether the Townsend or the Robsion Federal Aid bill should be adopted by Congress. Mr. Terstegge, the President of the Louisville Automobile Club, is urging Senator Ernst to support the Townsend bill, which provides that the government money shall be used only on interstate roads, while Road Engineer Boggs urges him to support the Robsion bill, which provides that only three-sevenths of the money shall be used for interstate roads, and the other four-sevenths shall be used for roads within the State.

The Dixie Highway will be built under either one of the bills, if passed by Congress, so we can have no selfish interest in either of the measures.

It would be a calamity to Kentucky if the Townsend bill should be adopted. It would leave many of the important roads like the River Route uncompleted, and with no money in prospect from the State to finish them for many years. Millions of money already spent in building Federal and State roads would be lost by no funds being available to complete them, with the Federal money being withdrawn.

Mr. Boggs, the State Highway Engineer, voices the sentiments of the overwhelming majority of the people of Kentucky when he unconditionally favors the Robsion bill, and if Senator Ernst wants to represent the wishes of the people of Kentucky he will most certainly vote for this measure, which has already passed the House.

Interstate roads are entirely for the benefit of tourists, while roads within the State benefit the people of Kentucky. We will get both under the Robsion bill, and will get only the interstate roads under the Townsend bill.

The State Highway Commission stands behind the extensive road system as laid out in the act of the last Legislature and the passage of the Townsend bill will make that act abortive.—E-Town News.

Work on Ideal Section to Begin This Fall.

To ascertain its suitability as a probable location for the Ideal Section, detailed surveys of that section of the Lincoln Highway between Dyer and Schererville in Lake County, Indiana, have been completed.

This is the point on the great

transcontinental roadway that has been tentatively determined upon by the Board of Directors of the Lincoln Highway Association as the best location for the Ideal Section to be built as an object lesson embodying the most advanced highway specifications.

It is the hope of the Lincoln Highway Association, of the Technical Committee which determined upon the specification for the Section, and of the United States Rubber Company which furnishes the money to pay for construction, that the Section when completed, will represent the very finest and most adequate work possible at the present stage of scientific road construction. The project is therefore not being unduly rushed. Every step is being taken with care.

It is now felt possible that in view of the recommendation of the Association's engineers, the grading may be done this year, but the paving not laid until the Spring of 1922, thus allowing adequate time for the grade to settle and compact.

Farm Wanted.

I want to hear from party having farm for sale. Give price and description.
P. B. Howard,
Champaign, Illinois.

STEAL DOOR OFF CALABOOSE

Model Town's Bastille Called Diagrace by New York State Prison Commission.

New York.—Dover Plains, N. Y., is such a model community for law and order that its privately owned jail has become the eyesore of the village. In the report, made public, of the state prison commission, the jail in Dover Plains has been characterized as a disgrace to the community.

The door of the private bastille has been stolen by an outsider, it is reported; most of the glass in both windows is gone, and the running water no longer is confined to the pipes and faucets. The only light in the jail is furnished by a lantern and the report says that there hasn't been any oil in this lamp in months.

MILLION IN MEXICAN CAPITAL.

Population of City is Estimated to Be Twice That of Ten Years Ago.

Mexico City, Mex.—The population of Mexico City has increased more than 100 per cent during the last ten years, according to recent estimates based on statistics, which fix the figure at approximately 1,000,000. This is far above the normal increase and the influx of persons is attributed as due to revolts. Housing conditions, as a result, are bad, and suitable dwellings are at a premium.

Buy Your Paint This Way

Buy it by years and square yards and not by gallons

It's penny wise and pound foolish to buy paint any other way. You want to get paint for your home by the way it wears and spreads over the surface—not by the gallon or so much per gallon. You want real paint—pure paint—

LAMPTON'S HOUSE PAINT

The paint that's made of just pure white lead, pure zinc, pure linseed oil scientifically ground and mixed so as to give it a body that makes it spread over more surface, look better, last longer, preserve your property, stand the sun's scorching rays and trying weather changes of this climate.

Free Color Chart
Come or send for color chart of Lampton's House Paint and iron-clad guarantee of its makers, the old reliable firm of Lampton, Crane & Ramey Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Ky. See us also for varnishes, brushes or anything else in the paint line.

Big Land Sale.

The Best Farm in Casey County.

Combest & Cundiff's

Splendid 400 Acre River Bottom Farm
(Subdivided)

Live Stock, Farming Implements, Etc.

At Absolute Auction

On The Premises,

Wednesday, Sept. 21st, at 10 a. m.

Rain Or Shine.

This valuable estate is better known as the "Dunham or Pierce Combest" farm is located in Casey County on good pike in graded school district two miles from Dunnville, two miles from Phil and nine miles from Liberty, Ky. It has 300 acres in Green River bottoms of which 130 acres overflows every year and as fine as a crow ever flew over, as rich as cream and as rich and as fertile as the valley of the Nile. It has 170 acres in corn that will produce about 8500 bushels this year, about 100 acres in meadow and the balance in grass. Most of the corn land already sown in timothy. It will make your mouth water to see the growing crops on this fine dirt. The upland has some good timber, rich coves and fine tobacco land. It is a regular tractor farm and an ideal stock farm. Fine water, wells, everlasting springs, river etc. Good fencing. Lots of fruit of fine variety. It has been in the Dunham and Combest families for 50 or 60 years and the Maker of the Universe never made better dirt than those rich river bottoms.

IMPROVEMENTS. Old fashioned typical Kentucky home brick six rooms, two large halls etc, three tenant houses of three rooms each and two of those new, new tobacco barn 40 x 100, four other good barns, hay barn, stock scales, single and double cribs and a world of other outbuildings.

PERSONALTY. 18 yearling cattle, good bull weighing 1300 lbs. 3 suckling calves, 4 very good milk cows, one good milk cow 4 year old red Durham, one black milk cow and calf, two 6 year old mules, one aged mule, one pair yearling mules, one Peavine saddle mare 9 years old extra good one, one good work mare 10 years old, one mare and suckling mule, nice Shetland pony 4 years old good driver and gentle, one Duroc boar good one, 12 brood sows, and 70 pigs some thorough bred and some subject to register, 30 sheep, ewes, lambs and two bucks, 50,000 lbs. baled hay, 20,000 lbs. loose hay, buggy and harness, 2 two horse wagons, blacksmith tools and all kinds of farming tools such as mowers, rakes, binders, plows etc.

It is seldom in a lifetime you have a chance to buy property like this. The safest place in all the world to put your dollars is in the bosom of old Mother Earth. It won't rust decay or get out of style, good today and better tomorrow. A safe conservative investment. This farm is a Money Maker and Dividend Producer. The possibilities on land like this is almost unlimited. Written words cannot do this farm justice. It is all we claim for it and more. You must see it to appreciate what it really is. We invite the closest inspection for we know the more you look the more you will bid. It will be an ABSOLUTE SALE without reserve by bid or limit. Mr. Cundiff's health will not permit him to stay in this climate and as every one knows Mr. Combest will be the High Sheriff of Casey County for the next four years. Both of the boys are game to the core. They invite you to this sale and ask you to say what this grand old estate is worth and they are going to make you a deed. The wise man always takes advantage of an OPPORTUNITY. It is knocking at your door RIGHT NOW—ACT. This will be the BIG SALE of the season better join the crowd and attend. It will be subdivided into four tracts.

ABSOLUTELY FREE—To the person guessing closest to what this farm will bring as a whole we will give \$10.00 in gold and to person guessing next closest \$5.00 in gold.

DINNER ON THE GROUND. Terms exceedingly easy and made known on the day of sale. Look this property over carefully and meet us there on sale day of WEDNESDAY SEPTEMBER 21ST AT 10 A. M. and pound your bids at her.

For full particulars blue prints etc see write or phone either the owners Loss Combest, Liberty, Ky. or Ancil Cundiff, Dunnville Ky. or

Hughes & McCarty, Stanford, Ky.

Col. J. B. Dinwiddle, on the Block.

The average congressman is as liberal with the people's money as he is with his own flow of language.

Another way for a man to make an enemy for life is to have a chance to kiss a pretty girl and then not take it..

We had just as well face the fact: Too many of us never pray for help until we see defeat staring us in the face.

We have about reached the point where one-half the world doesn't know how the other half can afford automobiles.

If some way can be devised to make it fashionable to work in the garden, the cost of living will begin to go down.

The Indiana man who tried to get married on a hunters' license was perhaps trying to find out if his bride was game.

The correct way to spell it is c-h-i-g-o-e, but you always pronounce it chigger when one of them gets to biting you.

BASE BALL.

2 Big Games,

Thursday, Sept. 8, Friday, Sept. 9.

Tompkinsville Colonels

vs.

Columbia Wild Cats

These Two Games will be the Best of the Season.

Tompkinsville has one of the Champion Teams of the State.

Come out and Bring the Family and see Columbia Win Two Games.

Both Games Called at 3 p. m.

Fair Grounds.